

Latin School Register

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MY BOOK

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SIGNATURES



Latin School Register

June, 1922

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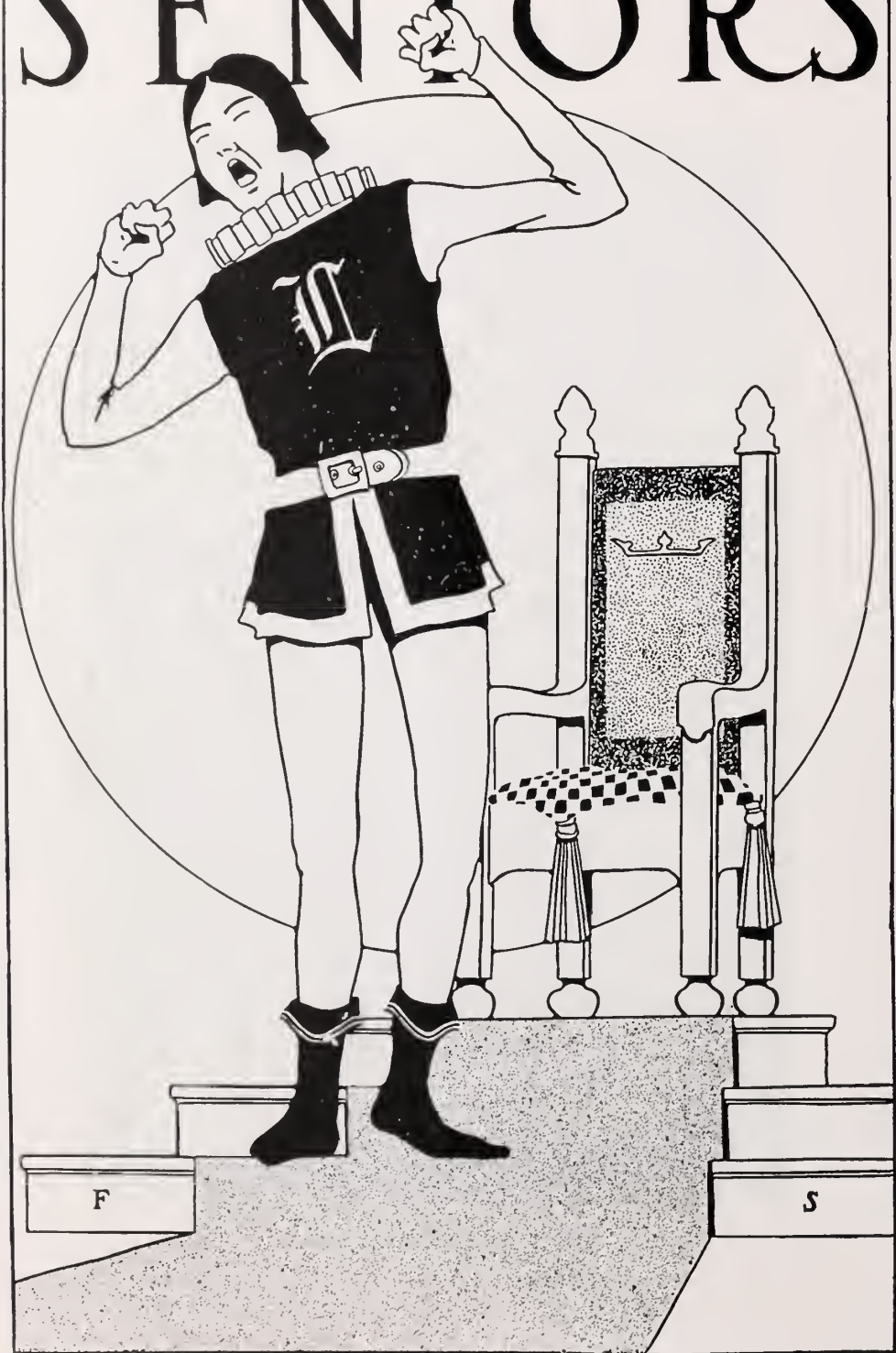
Dedication

TO the spirit of fair play and loyalty, to high ideals and honesty in our dealings with the world, as these qualities have been developed in us and exemplified by the faculty, and, in particular, by our highly esteemed and respected head master, Mr. Campbell.



HEADMASTER P. T. CAMPBELL

SENIORS



JAMES FRANCIS McDERMOTT, JR.

Entered in 1915 from the Edward Everett School; Fidelity Prize, 1918; Orchestra, 1918, 1919; Glee Club, 1921; Football Team, 1920, 1921; Captain of Football, 1921; Track Team, 1921, 1922; Record-breaking and Championship Relay Team, 1921, 1922; Baseball Team, 1921, 1922; Hockey Team, 1921, 1922; Class Committee, 1922; President of the Graduating Class, 1922.

WILLIAM GERALD HENRY

Entered in 1917 from the Minot School; Glee Club, 1921; Football Team, 1920, 1921; Track Team, 1921, 1922; Baseball Team, 1922; Record-breaking and Championship Relay team, 1922; Class Orator, 1922; Class Committee, 1922; Vice President of the Graduating Class; Individual Prize, 1921; Captain Prize-winning Co. 3, 1921, 1922; Lt.-Colonel, 2nd Regt., B. S. C.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS LASH

Entered in 1918 from the Mary Hemenway School; Fidelity Prize, 1919; Modern Prize, 1921; Glee Club, 1921; Football Team, 1921; Class Committee, 1922; Captain, Co. 5, 1921, 1922; Adjutant, 2nd Rgt., 1922.

EDMUND VINCENT WATSON

Entered in 1917 from the Leo XIII School; Modern Prize, 1918; Crew, 1918, 1919; Football Team, 1920, 1921; Track Team, 1922; Class Committee, 1922.

HARRY OLITZKY

Entered in 1918 from the Christopher Gibson School; Class of 1885 Prize, 1919; Approbation Prize, 1920; Glee Club, 1919, 1920; Class Committee, 1922; Secretary of the Graduating Class, 1922; Captain Co. 16, 1921, 1922; Captain, Brigade Staff, 1922.

JOHN JOSEPH MAHONEY

Entered in 1918 from the Frothingham School; Glee Club, 1921; Football Team, 1920, 1921; Track Team, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 1, 1922.

JAMES FITZGERALD SULLIVAN

Entered in 1915 from the O. W. Holmes School; Glee Club, 1918; Hockey Team, 1921; Golf Team, 1922; Captain, Co. 14, 1921, 1922; Captain, Brigade Staff, 1922.

JOHN ALBERT NORDBERG

Entered in 1917 from the Roger Wolcott School; Track Team, 1918, 1920, 1921, 1922; Hockey Team, 1921, 1922; Baseball Team 1921, 1922; Football Team, 1920, 1921; Captain of Baseball, 1922.





HERBERT ELMER WHITING

Entered in 1916 from the William Lloyd Garrison School; Modern Prize, 1917; Classical Prize, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921; Approbation Prize, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921; Reading Prize, 1921; Register Staff, 1919, 1920; Editor-in-Chief of the *Register*, 1921, 1922; 2nd lieutenant Prize Winning Co. 8, 1921, 1922; Adjutant, 2nd Battalion, 1922.

EDMUND BURKE

Entered in 1916 from the Henry L. Pierce School; Classical Prize, 1917; Warren Eastman Robinson Prize, 1920; Modern Prize, 1921; 2nd Prize in Declamation, 1921; Track Team, 1919, 1920, 1921; Football Team, 1922; Sporting Editor of the *Register*, 1921, 1922; Individual Prize, 1920; Captain Prize-winning Co. 13, 1921, 1922; Colonel, 2nd Rgt., B. S. C., 1922; Commander, 2nd Brigade, 1922.

HERBERT EMMANUEL HEDBERG

Entered in 1915 from the Edward Everett School; Glee Club, 1920, 1921.

THOMAS JAMES EATON

Entered in 1918 from the St. Peter School; Captain, Co. 7, 1921, 1922.

RICHARD LOYOLA LAWRENCE ROONEY

Entered in 1918 from the Washington Allston School; Manager of Tennis, 1922; Captain, Co. 10, 1921, 1922; Captain, Regimental Staff Officer, 1922.

ANTHONY VARA

Entered in 1918 from the Eliot School; Classical Prize, 1920; Approbation Prize, 1921; Glee Club, 1921; Captain, Co. 12; 1921, 1922; Captain, Brigade Staff, 1922.

JOSEPH MORTIMER AHERN

Entered in 1918 from the Dorchester High School; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 11, 1921, 1922.

THEODORE BENEDICT MASSELL

Entered in 1918 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Class Pianist, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 6, 1921, 1922.

ARNOLD DE FORREST BARTON

Entered in 1918 from the Francis Parkman School; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 18, 1921, 1922.

DAVID O'LEARY, JR.

Entered in 1917 from the Bennett School; Glee Club, 1921; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 13, 1921.

PHILLIPS LELAND BOYD

Entered in 1917 from the Pierce School; Modern Prize, 1920, 1921; Rifle Team, 1921, 1922, Chess Club, 1921, 1922; Register Staff, 1919, 1920; Business Manager of the *Register*, 1921, 1922; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 110, 1921-1922. 1st Lieutenant Co. 10, 1922.

JOSEPH FOSTER PASCOE

Entered in 1918 from the Hingham School; Manager of Football, 1921; Managing-Editor of the *Register*, 1921, 1922; Adjutant, 2nd Battalion, 1920, 1921; Captain, Prize-winning Co. 1, 1921, 1922; Major, 3d Battalion, 2nd Rgt., B. S. C., 1922.

CLARENCE BENJAMIN TAFT

Entered in 1918 from the Roger Walcott School; Modern Prize, 1919, 1920; Class of 1885 Prize, 1919; Fidelity Prize, 1921, 1st Lieutenant, Co. 12, 1921, 1922; Captain, Co. 12, 1922.

GEORGE PATRICK MORRIS, JR.

Entered in 1916 from the Nazareth School; 1st Lieutenant, Regimental Staff, 1922.

MAURICE IGNATIUS HART

Entered in 1917 from the School of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Football Team, 1921; Track Team, 1921, 1922.

RICHARD JAMES LEARSON, JR.

Entered in 1918 from the Charles Sumner School; Glee Club, 1921; Football Team, 1921; Captain, Prize-winning Co. 2, 1921, 1922; Major, 2nd Battalion, 1922.

JAMES EDWARD CROWLEY

Entered in 1915 from the Fauntelroy Hall School; Manager of Track, 1922.

WILLIAM VINCENT HYLAND

Entered in 1917 from Our Lady of Perpetual Help School; Glee Club, 1921; Football Team, 1921.

HENRY DE VEER DOYLE

Entered in 1917 from the Francis Parkman School; Fidelity Prize, 1921; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 5, 1921, 1922; Captain, Co. 5, 1922.

MALACHI JOSEPH PRENDERGAST, JR.

Entered in 1917 from the Oliver Wendall Holmes School; Fidelity Prize, 1920.





WILLIAM ELLIOTT NORTON

Entered in 1916 from the Mather School; Glee Club, 1919, 1920, 1921; Crew, 1918, 1919, 1920; Captain-elect of Crew, 1921; School Cheer-leader, 1919, 1920, 1921; Football Team, 1921; Track Team, 1921, 1922; Drum Major, 1920, 1921.

FRANCIS EDWARD DONELLY

Entered in 1918 from the Bennett School; Fidelity Prize, 1919; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 13, 1922.

DANIEL FRASER MACLEAN

Entered in 1917 from the Martin School; Captain, Co. 17, 1921, 1922; Regimental Adjutant, 2nd Rgt., 1922; Major, 2nd Brigade; Adjutant, 1922.

ANTHONY JOHN ALOYSIUS PERRY

Entered in 1918 from the St. Peter School; Glee Club, 1920; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 5, 1922.

JOHN JOSEPH SACCO

Entered in 1919 from the Cambridge Latin School; Glee Club, 1921; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 2, 1922.

KARL T. KARSIAN

AARON HAROLD AUERBACH

Entered in 1918 from the West Somerville Junior High School; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 18, 1921, 1922.

DANIEL HOLZMAN

Entered in 1918 from the William Lloyd Garrison School; Modern Prize, 1919; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 4, 1921, 1922; Captain, Co. 4, 1922.

ALFORD PAUL RUDNICK

Entered in 1918 from the William Lloyd Garrison School; Glee Club, 1921; Captain, Co. 6, 1921, 1922.

JOHN BERTRAM DACEY

Entered in 1918 from the Mary Hemenway School; Baseball Team, 1922; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 15, 1921, 1922.

ELIOT MORRIS BAILEN

Entered in 1918 from the Eliot School;
Classical Prize, 1919, 1920, 1921; Approba-
tion Prize, 1920, 1921; Chess Club, 1921;
President of the Chess Club, 1921, 1922;
Captain, Co. 11, 1921, 1922.

ABRAHAM ISAAC BARRON

Entered in 1918 from the Cambridge Latin
School; Glee Club, 1921; Drum Corps,
1919, 1920, 1921, 1922; Individual Prize,
1921.

HENRY FRANCIS BARRY

Entered in 1917 from the Mather School;
Captain, Prize-winning Co. 8, 1921, 1922;
Major, 1st Battalion, 2nd Rgt., 1922.

D. FLYNN

HAROLD TOUVIM DWORET

Entered in 1917 from the George Putnam
School; Glee Club, 1921; Drum Corps,
1919, 1920, 1921, 1922; Drum-Sergeant,
1921, 1922.

STANLEY MYRON FORD

Entered in 1917 from the Agassiz School;
Classical Prize, 1920; Track Team, 1922;
2nd Lieutenant, Prize-winning Co. 2;
Adjutant, 2nd Battalion, 2nd Rgt., 1922.

AUGUSTUS GEORGE MacGOVERN

Entered in 1915 from the Frothingham
School; John K. Richardson Prize, 1920;
Fidelity Prize, 1921; *Register* Staff, 1920,
1921; Captain of the Rifle Team, 1921,
1922; Captain, Co. 9, 1921, 1922.

ALBERT CHANDLER FALLON

Entered in 1917 from the Agassiz School;
Manager of the Rifle Team, 1921, 1922.

MATTHEW COHEN

Entered in 1918 from the Dearborn School;
Classical Prize, 1919; Class of 1885 Prize,
1919; Approbation, 1919; Fidelity Prize,
1920; Orchestra, 1921, 1922; 2nd Lieuten-
ant, Co. 17, 1922.





G. ESTABROOKS

ARTHUR LAURENCE NORTON

Entered in 1917 from the Mather School; Rifle Team, 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Prize-winning Co. 3, 1921, 1922; Captain, Co. 3, 1922.

EDWARD JOSEPH GOLDEN

Entered in 1918 from the Thomas N. Hart School; Glee Club, 1921; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 10, 1922.

P. MINARD

BERNARD JAMES CUMMINGS

Entered in 1917 from the St. Mary's School; Glee Club, 1920; 1st Lieutenant, Prize-winning Co. 8, 1921, 1922; Captain, Co. 8, 1922.

FRANCIS ALBERT RIHA

Entered in 1917 from Mary Hemenway School; 2nd Lieutenant Prize-winning Co. 1, 1921, 1922; Adjutant, 3d Battalion, 2nd Regt., 1922.

THOMAS FRANCIS MARTIN, JR.

Entered in 1915 from the Edward Everett School.

LESTER GINSBURG

Entered in 1918 from the George Putnam School; Modern Prize, 1919; Class of 1885 Prize, 1919; Classical Prize, 1920, 1921; Approbation Prize, 1920, 1921; Hollenbach Prize, 1921; 2nd Lieutenant Prize-winning Co. 3, 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 3, 1922.

ANTONINO IOVINO

Entered in 1918 from the F. W. Lincoln School; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 10, 1921, 1922; Captain, Co. 10, 1922.

VINCENT RALPH PANICO

Entered in 1916 from the Mather School; Glee Club, 1920, 1921; Orchestra, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922; Librarian of Orchestra, 1922; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 12, 1921, 1922.

F. LEVERONE

JOSEPH KOLODNY

Entered in 1917 from the George Putnam School; President of the Debating Club, 1921, 1922; Glee Club, 1921; Football Team, 1921; Class Committee, 1922; Individual Prize, 1920, 1921; Captain, Co. 15, 1921, 1922.

WILLIAM BRADFORD GUILD

Entered in 1915 from the Edmund P. Tilton School; Crew, 1920; Manager of Football, 1920; Football Team, 1921; Tennis Team, 1921; Tennis Team, 1921, 1922; Captain, Co. 4, 1921, 1922; Captain Brigade Staff, 1922.

JOHN VINCENT CONDON

Entered in 1917 from the Lawrence School; Glee Club, 1921; Classical Club, 1919; Football Team, 1921; Baseball Team, 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Prize-winning Co. 1, 1921, 1922; Captain Co. 1, 1922.

ALLEN RUSSELL BRAGG

Entered in 1921 from the Brewster High School, Cape Cod.

LEON BETTONEY NEWMAN

Entered in 1916 from the Lowell School; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 7, 1921, 1922.

THOMAS JOSEPH TURNER

Entered in 1917 from the Bigelow School; Glee Club, 1920, 1921; Drum Corps, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921.

WILLIAM JAMES ISBER

Entered in 1917 from the Wendel Phillips School; Classical Club, 1919; Glee Club, 1919, 1920, 1921.

JOHN BENJAMIN VERNAGLIA

Entered in 1918 from the Emerson School; Classical Prize, 1919, 1920, 1921; Approbation Prize, 1919, 1920, 1921; Track Team, 1922; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 4, 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 4, 1922.

OSCAR SEGAL

Entered in 1918 from the Oliver Wendall Holmes School; Glee Club, 1921; Classical Prize, 1919; Classical Club, 1918, 1919; Debating Club, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922; Vice President of the Debating Club, 1920, 1921; Field Secretary of the Debating Club, 1922.





PAUL ROBERT WENDT

Entered in 1916 from the Bennett School; Modern Prize, 1919; Fidelity Prize, 1920; Football Team, 1921; Asst. Editor of the *Register* 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant Prize-winning Co. 2, 1921, 1922; Captian, Co. 2, 1922.

ABRAHAM HARRY BROWN

Entered in 1918 from the Wendall Phillips School; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 6, 1921, 1922.

NEWTON RUDOLPH HERSON

Entered in 1918 from the John D. Runkle School; Glee Club, 1921; Drum Corps, 1919, 1920, 1921.

CLIFTON BANCROFT COOPER

Entered in 1919 from the Cambridge Latin School; Classical Prize, 1920; Fidelity Prize, 1921; Glee Club, 1920, 1921; Drum Corps, 1920, 1921, 1922.

JOHN HARRIS WRIGHT

2nd Lieut., 1st. Co.

ROBERT MILLIS NELSON

Lieut. 9th Co. 1922

LEO EDWARD O'HEARN

Entered in 1918 from the St. Peter's School; Fidelity Prize, 1920; Glee Club, 1920, 1921; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 7, 1921, 1922.

JAMES MONAHAN

Fidelity Prize, 1919

WILLIAM LOMBARD MORIARTY

Entered in 1917 from the Prince School; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 3, 1922.

ALFRED SIGEL

Entered in 1918 from the Wendall Phillips School; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 14, 1922.

BERTRAM LOUIS JACOBS

Entered in 1918 from the William Lloyd Garrison School; Track Team, 1920, 1921, 1922; Baseball Team, 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 17, 1921, 1922; Captain, Co. 17, 1922.

HARRY COHEN

Entered in 1918 from the Emerson School; Orchestra, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922; Concert-Master, 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 16, 1921, 1922; Captain, Co. 16, 1922.

LEOPOLD URIEL SHAPIRO

Entered in 1918 from the William Lloyd Garrison School; Class of 1885 Prize, 1919; Modern Prize, 1919, 1920, 1921; Approbation Prize, 1920; Glee Club, 1921; Track Team, 1920, 1921, 1922; Tennis Team, 1922; Captain, Co. 18, 1921, 1922.

RALPH ELLIS MORRISON

Entered in 1918 from the Phillips Brooks School; Fidelity Prize, 1919; Glee Club, 1919, 1920, 1921; Debating Club, 1919, 1920, 1921; Chess Club, 1921, 1922; Secretary of the Chess Club, 1921, 1922; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 16, 1922.

BENJAMIN BORNSTEIN

Entered in 1918 from the Phillips Brooks School; Glee Club, 1919, 1920, 1921; Rifle Team, 1921, 1922; Vice President of the Debating Club, 1921, 1922; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 7, 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 17, 1922.

SYDNEY JOSEPH COHEN

Entered in 1918 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Fidelity Prize, 1919; Glee Club, 1921; Tennis Team, 1922; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 5; 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 5, 1922.

JACOB LEVY

Entered in 1916 from the Sherwin School; Fidelity Prize, 1919; Glee Club, 1919, 1920; Debating Club, 1921; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 15, 1921, 1922.

SAMUEL FRIEDMAN

Entered in 1918 from the Phillips Brooks School; Classical Prize, 1919; Fidelity Prize, 1920; Modern Prize, 1922; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 16, 1921, 1922; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 16, 1922.

ROGER LEONARD DEVINE

Entered in 1918 from the F. W. Lincoln School; Glee Club, 1921; Drum Corps, 1919, 1920, 1921; Captain, Brigade Staff, 1922.



LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

GEORGE JONATHAN RAYT

Entered in 1918 from the George Putnam School; Classical Club, 1919; Glee Club, 1920, 1921; Debating Club, 1921; Football Team, 1921; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 12, 1922.

HARRY MAXIMILLIAN SARTORIS

Entered in 1917 from the Mary Hemenway School; Glee Club, 1921; Football Team, 1921; Individual Prize, 1920; 1st Lieutenant, Co. 12, 1921, 1922.

HENRY LOWELL HUTCHINGS

Entered in 1916 from the George Putnam School; Glee Club, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921; Novelty Orchestra, 1921; Class Soloist, 1922.

CHARLES THOMAS HURLEY

Entered in 1917 from the Mary Hemenway School; Hockey Team, 1921; Football Team, 1921; Baseball Team, 1922; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 3, 1920.

GERARD KIRSOPP LAKE

Entered in 1920 from the Brown-Nichols School; Tennis Team, 1921, 1922; Captain, of the Tennis Team, 1922.

SAMUEL RUBEN PALMBAUM

Entered in 1918 from the Elliot School; Classical Prize, 1921; Modern Prize, 1919, 1920; Approbation Prize, 1920; Glee Club, 1921; 2nd Lieutenant, Co. 2, 1922.

WILLIAM THOMAS STUART

Entered in 1918 from the Thomas N. Hart School; Glee Club, 1921; Drum Sergeant, 1921, 1922.



Alma Mater

Good-bye! Good-bye! A fond farewell
And in our hearts shall ever dwell
The virtues thou hast planted there
With motherly grace and loving care,
Dear Alma Mater.

No! Never shall thy spirit die
In us when out of depths we cry
By clinging to thy teachings fast
Triumphant we shall be at last,
Sweet Alma Mater.

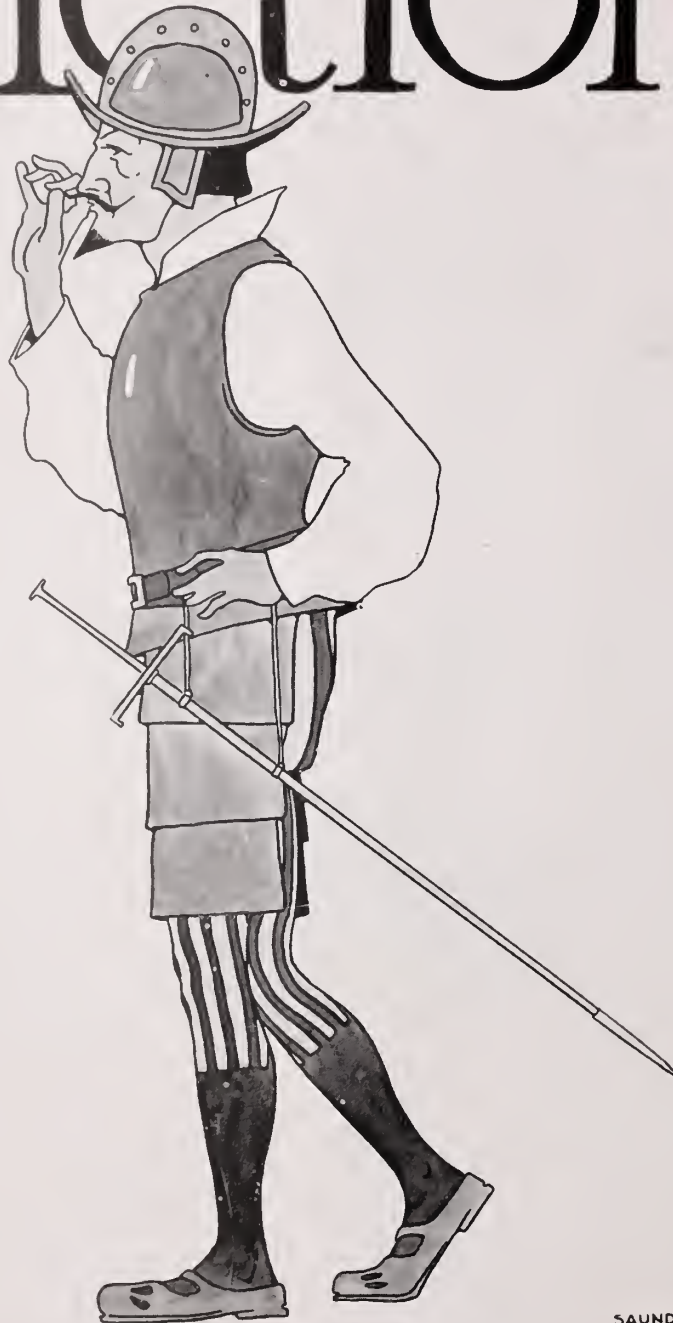
Where e'er in life we chance to go
Thy worth in all our deeds shall show
And in our hearts shall burn the fire
Of progress which thou hast inspired,
Our Alma Mater.

Chorus

Farewell, sad sweet farewell,
For here our way now parts,
But memories that well
Softly from out our hearts
Forever gladness spell.
Farewell, sad sweet farewell,
Dear Alma Mater.

—George MacGovern '22

Fiction



SAUNDERS

The Girl With Wisteria Eyes

H. E. WHITING '22

It was one of those sultry afternoons in May when all the world seeks the great out-of-doors. The tennis courts of the yacht club were slowly being deserted by the early summerists for a cool plunge in old ocean, or for a short sail toward Humarock Light. Two of the younger set were still playing, it was the first chance that they had had to use the courts for several months.

Permit us to introduce Lee and Thomas¹ Fairfield: both likable fellows, who had somehow missed that snobbishness that the people of their social standing and age sometimes affect. Both, strange to say, detested girls and dances, and, in short, any activities wherein it was necessary to associate with the fairer sex. Such, when they fall, fall hard; and thereby hangs a tale.

"Say Tom, I heard Mrs. De Carowell tell mother last week that the Mortons had let their cottage. Wonder who'll come down?"

"Some people with a bunch of girls in the family, I suppose. It's just our luck," announced his brother, serving a returning swift serve with a vindictive cut, "that nice people like the Mortons without any girls, tramp off to the mountains like that. No good."—This last was said of his brother's return. "That's game, set, and match."

Tom invariably beat his brother at tennis. Lee, however, was not disturbed; he could outswim Tom any time, and as for horsemanship! The two sauntered from the courts to the club-house.

"Going to have something to drink?" cried Lee "No, I don't think we'd better. It's too near dinner time. We've got just time enough to beat it home and get dressed."

Obediently Lee led the way to a microscopic 'fliv,' one of those racer-bodied, two-seated contraptions that are such favorites with everyone. All that one has to have after purchase is enough money to buy a self-starter, shock absorber, oversize tires, stop signs, and kindred paraphernalia; then he has a real car. It started immediately (as 'flivs' sometimes will) and, of course, unexpectedly (as 'flivs' always do). The club, the town, the causeway, were soon behind them, and at the top of a slight eminence the Fairfield home luxuriantly stretched its green and white length of bungalow, garages, lawns, and driveway gradually. Across the way was the Morton place, equally well cared for; and on the porte cochere wonder of wonders! A girl! The boys arrived in front of the house, and, by chance, Tom looked in her direction, and nudged his brother, who likewise looked, and stared.

She was so utterly different from the rest of the girls that they had met in New Wales. She sat on a rustic bench, around which hung great delicate manes of wisteria. She was not remarkable in features; but when she looked over at the boys they saw, with a curious, violent, inward tugging at their heart strings, that she had the most remarkable eyes, of wisteria color, a wonderfully beautiful lavender, which made them seem much too large for her face, rimmed with thick lashes, and framed with an unruly mass of black locks. Delicately she arose, and, without a single backward glance, moved off with a graceful motion, and disappeared.

As Lee and Tom attended to their dinner, each one found himself curiously reverting to the vision of two large wisteria-colored eyes. When their mother asked them the color their boat was to be painted, it was found to be wisteria. Their sister's pert teasing disturbed neither the one nor the other and elicited no response, until she, tiring of that, mentioned another topic.

"O, I forgot to tell you that I met the girl across the way this noon, at Mrs. De Carrowell's tea. Name's Jackie Clinton. Jackie! Pooh! What a name! Want to meet her, Jim?"

The individual referred to blushed and stammered, muttering a "No, of course." Lee hastily excused himself. Tom after him later, said:

"It *is* just our luck, isn't it?"

"Oh yes. A girl! And 'Jackie's' her name. What a name! Don't catch me being introduced. No sirree!"

"Catch me, either!"

Thus they vowed.

* * * * *

Be it said that both *were* introduced at noon the next day, on the raft. Tom, who seldom cared to swim so far, accompanied his brother—"just for a change y'know". Both, however, remained ardent in another vow not to speak or associate with her any more than they could help.

Jackie Clinton was a marvellous swimmer and a magnificent horsewoman. She played a game of tennis that was the envy of her sex and the admiration of the other,—excluding Lee and Tom, of course.

One morning, the rays of a benevolent old sun saw Lee leading a horse to the Clinton bungalow, saw Jackie, nattily arrayed in an immaculate linen riding costume, mount and ride off with Lee. They met Tom on the causeway; he suggested that he, too, don a habit, and join them. He was informed, coldly enough, that he might see them on the Coleman bridle path. When he, two hours later, hot and furious, had met the couple, not on the path, but on the Reservation, he was told that they had changed their minds on account of the heat, and had decided to seek the cooler paths of the Reservation.

Could it be possible that the woman-haters were becoming estranged over a mere girl? A girl with wisteria eyes?

Tom and Jackie played tennis together the next day. When Lee suggested that he get his sister and make it doubles, Tom demurred. Jackie, he was sure, hated doubles.

The breach grew wider. Matters, however, came to a fearful climax, on the occasion of the dance at the yacht club. The boys danced equally well; Jackie could have no preference. Lee, however, inadvertently tried to "steal" Tom's partner—Jackie, of course—a second time within fifteen minutes.

"May I?" he asked, interrupting their dance, expecting to whirl Jackie off.

"No, you *may not*!" was the furious answer of Tom, contrary to the dictates of the ballroom floor.

Immediately after the dance, both left the floor, went out on one of the courts, and there ensued a spirited debate. Lee left the dance and went home; Tom had to see Jackie to her house.

Before either Tom or Lee retired, they held another conference; and came to the decision that both should ask Jackie to the fair; that whomsoever Jackie

accepted as an escort, he should be the accepted partner for the rest of the summer.

Next day both called: the wisteria-eyed girl was entertaining another youth of New Wales' society. The invitations were proffered; then came the shock.

Jackie had already accepted another's invitation; she told them flatly that she would have nothing else to do with either one, after their conduct at the yacht club dance.

* * * * *

Such was the disillusionment of the Fairfield brothers. In such wise were the scornful scorned, were the innocent beguiled. In such way did wisteria-eyed Eve make brothers, mere men, enemies, and what is worse, *fools*!



Such is Life in a Large City

PHILIP FLYNN '24

The ancient bell in the belfry of the First Church of Gninnisso had just pealed ten in the morning and the faint echoes were dying away over the green fields and hills, when from up on the big hill, just outside the town, came the sound of the stroke of a gong. Simultaneously the great gate of the Escanaba Prison creaked and swung back on its hinges. Two men emerged. One was straight, sturdy, healthy, and rather old looking, the other a little stiff, and pale and sallow of face, yet quite lithe and fairly sturdy of figure. They stopped a moment, talked earnestly, then shaking hands the old man walked slowly back. The huge gate again screeched and shut with a clang. The man who was left outside gazed for a moment at the sinister, colorless, and foreboding stone walls, shrugged his shoulders, then turning around quickly stamped down the hill at a brisk pace. Ten minutes later the 10.15 accommodation left Gninnisso for the city, and the little hamlet once more settled back into its former attitude of peace and quiet.

* * * * *

Three weeks later about half-past twelve in the morning, a light was lit in the hallway of Jim Merrill, and Mr. Merrill, his wife, and a man stood under the light talking. Then the man walked to the foot of the piazza stairs and stopped.

"You'll just about make the one o'clock car if you hurry," said Merrill to the man.

"All right Jim," answered he, "And I'll see you about ten. Good night, or rather good morning."

Merrill closed the door and the man, turning up his coat collar and plunging his hands into his pockets, walked along hurriedly.

He had walked for perhaps fifteen minutes and had come into an exclusive residential section, when suddenly, as he turned a corner, a shot rent the still night air. At once the man commenced to run. He had gone almost the length of the street when he was rudely interrupted and grabbed by the shoulder. He stopped and looked at his captor angrily and then gave a start.

"Up to your old tricks again," croaked a hoarse voice coming from a man dressed in a sack suit and wearing a derby, which was at least a size too small, cocked to one side of his head.

"What do you mean? Let me go," cried the captive. "What do you want me for?"

"Aw, tell dat to de captain," answered the derby one.

Then the man began to struggle and succeeded in breaking away, but as soon as he started to run he bumped into another derby man. The man, now hatless, bleeding, and his clothes torn, gave up.

"It's all right, Tom," said the newcomer addressing the other, "Bill got the other up the street."

"Got him?" cried Tom. "Didn't he get away?"

"Why no, what's the matter, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing, I was jes' thinking."

Presently the clanging of a bell was heard, and almost without warning a

patrol wagon drew noiselessly up to the curbing, and a policeman jumped out.

"What is it?" he asked Tom.

"Oh just a little surprise for the captain," said he. "Let me get in and have a look at the other." The man was bundled into the wagon and seated beside another human who looked as if he too had been in a brawl, then the patrol gave a jerk and moved on.

Police station "49", was in a very tough location and a very busy place most of the time. However, things get dull even in police stations, and sometimes time hangs heavy on one's hands. So it was with Captain O'Bannon, of station "49", about two o'clock one morning, and he was just dozing peacefully, when a group of his men tramped in arraying before the desk two unfortunate prisoners. Coming to with a start, O'Bannon rubbed his eyes sleepily, and immediately assumed an attitude becoming to one of his rank and station.

"Well, Duffy?" said he addressing friend Tom.

"Here's an old time friend of yours who wanted to pay you his respects," said Duffy, pushing forward the man who had left Jim Merrill's but a few minutes before.

"Spike Malone, and all his aliases!" cried the captain, and he rubbed his eyes again.

"I nabbed him upon one of de streets off deavenoo. He was having a little play witt his gat," said Duffy.

"No such thing!" said the man, "I —."

"Enough, take him away," ordered O'Bannon. "What's the trouble with dis other guy?"

That night in the police station was a night of long delirium for poor "Spike" Malone. Here he was just out of prison three weeks and trying to go straight when he was thrown into jail again. The place was terrible. Drunken men babbled, snored, cursed, and shouted; while a poor lunatic laughed and screamed at the top of his lungs. "Spike" slept not at all, but sat thinking, with his face buried in his hands. He was awakened from his reverie by the loud hammering of the jailer on his cell grating.

"Come on there, you," said he, "get ready for court."

With about a dozen frowsy, bleary-eyed creatures, some shaking with the dumb ague of drink whose fires had died out, he was driven along a narrow passage, up a flight of stairs and into a small, bare, unfurnished room. Then out into a railed pen they were driven. The pen was in a large square room. Its dimensions, however, were its only claims to respectability, for the walls and ceiling were smoke-blackened, while the floor would benefit by the use of some soap and water. Against the wall, with a desk before him and raised above the herd by a platform, sat the judge. There was a rail which divided the room, and beyond, sitting on wooden benches, lolled the public, leering and listening, as hard an array as one might wish to see.

Inside the fence were those who had business with the court; officers, witnesses, friends and enemies of the accused, and last, but not least, the talent of the bar and of the police force.

Court was called, and then a few cases of drunkenness were quickly done away with, and the more important cases were called. When "Spike's" name was called, an officer opened the gate of the pen and bade him come forth. He was given a chair in front of the judge.

"Who complains of the defendant?" asked the judge in a slow voice.

"I do, Your Honor," and Sergeant Thomas Duffy of Station "49" stepped out.

"What's the story?" asked the judge.

"Well, Your Honor, three of us wuz sent up around 60th street on a tip dat some second-story men was workin'. We separated and I was walking up and down when I heard a shot, and, runnin' out into the middle of the street, I sees this guy comin' along at top speed so I nabs him, and seein' who he is I thought I'd better pull him in. There was a job attempted on the Bronson house, and that's the direction he come running from, so I guess he don' de job all right. He's an old timer at the game and it's time he was given a good stretch."

"What have you got to say for yourself, young man?" asked the judge.

"All he says is true, Your Honor, except that I didn't do de job. I was up to see an old friend of mine, Jim Merrill, and as we hadn't seen each other in years I stayed quite late, and I was walking to the one o'clock car, when I heard a shot, and with the natural instinctiveness of an old timer like me I ran in the opposite direction of the shot and bumped into this here Duffy who sent me up before."

Just then Jim Merrill came up and took the stand and told the judge that "Spike" had been at his house as "Spike" himself had said.

"You're an old-time prisoner?" asked the judge of Merrill.

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Well, it seems to me that, being an old time crook, and although now engaged in business, your word might not be of the best, and as this young man seems to have been very troublesome in the past and no doubt had something to do with the job, he has no alibi, and he was running away from the scene of the crime, therefore I shall impose a sentence of five years as an old offender. This crime wave has got to be checked. Next case, clerk."

"Spike," very much broken up, was led into a small ante-room where he was allowed to talk with Merrill.

"Just as I was about to go straight, Jim. Ain't it awful?"

"Well, cheer up, Spike, perhaps they'll parole you, if you act all right, you know—."

Just then the door opened and in walked the man who had been in the patrol with "Spike" the night before.

"My name is 'Bunny' Morton an' I was doin' dat job up at Bronson's when I was kinda disturbed and then caught after de bull fired one shot. He was a new cop on the beat and me brother-in-law, dat's Duffy who pulled you in, hadn't wised him up and he caught me. But me brother-in-law nailed you slick and with your record it was easy to make de judge give you a nice sentence and by speaking to the Captain O'Bannon I wuz let go las' night."

The 9.00 A. M. train from the city whistled that she would stop at Gninnisso, and the station agent and a few old cronies came out on the platform to see who it was. Two men got off and started for the big hill. The old men nodded their heads and then went back to their gossip. There came the sound of a gong, the great gate of the Escanaba Prison creaked awfully and swung back on its hinges, a man came out. He was very straight, sturdy and healthy looking. He stopped and talked with the other two, then the old man and one of the new arrivals walked back very slowly. The huge gate again screeched and shut with a clang, and the little hamlet once more settled back into its former attitude of peace and quiet.

Resurrection

H. H. BLAKE '23

—PROLOGUE—

Lincoln Thayer, a humorous and lovable fellow, married while quite young, and lived with his wife in comfortable surroundings. Just after the birth of his son, Paul, Thayer was involved in a disgraceful case and sent to jail for two years. After his release, he became addicted to bad habits. His wife died and he was left with the boy, whom he loved passionately. A former acquaintance, Cecil Thorndyke, a man somewhat older than Thayer, and both an aristocrat and a millionaire, became fond of the boy and offered to adopt him. Thayer, who was fast sinking to the lowest depths of society, yielded to an unselfish love and relinquished all claim to his own son. Paul was taken to live in New York and grew up believing, as did everyone else, that he was the son of Cecil Thorndyke. After wandering aimlessly from one place to another, Thayer, reduced to extremes, procured a job as a clown in a cheap burlesque house. He made a success of this, and under the name of Lon Howard, went on a tour with a burlesque company.

I.

In a back room on the top floor of a miserable, ill-kept lodging house a lonely gas jet flickered. Beneath its pale light half, seated on a broken chair, half sprawled over a low table, was a man. Tall and gaunt, with deep sunken eyes and features coarsened by low living, he was a picture of degeneracy. Long, black hair hung over his dirty, frayed collar, and a stringy tie failed to brighten the appearance of his dusty, wrinkled suit. The man held in his soiled hands a page from a newspaper on which was printed a picture of a tall, good-looking boy in football togs. The man, with a hungry look of adoration, moved his head slowly, glancing at the picture, running his eyes over the column below, and looking fixedly at the picture again. Beneath the picture was an article on Paul Thorndyke, Harvard's star fullback, whose brilliant work in the game with Princeton on the preceding day had produced an overwhelming victory.

"Burlesque's funniest and most popular comedian", Lon Howard, stared long upon the picture of his son, and then his eyes wandered to the window. Through the dark and bitter night a distant star shone like a diamond in the black sky.

How like his own life it was, the clown thought. Existence was a hard and aimless struggle in itself. Youth was gone and with it the fires of ambition and conquest. Life was a murky, dismal path which led but to the grave. There shone alone the star of hope and faith and love. With a sigh, the man rose, and crossing the room, threw himself upon his bed.

The next morning Howard was surprised to find a letter on the table addressed to him. He slit the envelope with his finger nail, and, slipping forth the letter, glanced at the signature. It was from Cecil Thorndyke. Anxiously he began the letter. A bitter smile came over his face and turned to an expression of pain. He opened his lips, as if to speak, and closed them again tightly. The irony of life! Paul had somehow been informed that his father was this low clown. Thorndyke, in vain, had denied it. The boy was coming to demand the truth from How-

ard. The letter spoke of the importance of this time in the boy's life, of how revelation at this time would not only harm his future but would make him ashamed of, if not bitter at, so low and degraded a father. If Howard wished for his son's success in life, Cecil Thorndyke begged him to deny the suspicion in the boy's mind. He must, of course, know the truth someday, but in later years it would not injure his position. The letter closed with an urgent repetition of its plea.

Two nights later in his dressing room in the theatre, Howard received word that a young man wished to see him; a young man, his own son, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. The only thing that he cared for in life was in his hand and he must cast it away. With trembling hand he smeared more powder and paint on his face, now made up as the foolish countenance of a clown, and pulled the ragged hat further down on his head. He stared at himself in the mirror with sickening disgust. Then with a start he drew himself up and started towards the door. With his hand on the knob he turned again to the mirror. Reflected there was a painted fool with a contemptuous leer and slouching in an insolent manner. He went out.

A tall boy with light hair and regular features, splendidly built and immaculately dressed in evening clothes, stood in the corridor. At the sound of footsteps he turned. With a sneering manner the clown stared.

"Weil?" he demanded.

"Are you Lon Howard, the comedian in this show?" the boy asked in an almost calm voice.

The clown nodded insolently and the other stirred nervously.

"I'm Paul Thorndyke," he said.

"Yes?" queried the clown, archly.

"You don't know me?" asked the boy.

"I don't," replied the other, coldly. "What do you want?"

"Some one believes I am a relative of yours," said Paul quickly. "Didn't you have some relative whom you saw for the last time about fifteen years ago?" The comedian looked at him suspiciously and was about to speak when the boy interrupted, "All I want to know is whether or not you had any relative for whom I could have been mistaken."

"No," said the clown, "You're out of luck," and with a mocking bow he went into the dressing room.

A new day dawned. In Howard's mind these words kept repeating themselves over and over,—“He must, of course, know the truth some day. He must know that his father was a degenerate and that the name of Thayer was not fit to be worn in the light of respectability. The name of Thayer—a badge of honor from the first great war for Independence, through every succeeding crisis, to the time of the boy's own grandfather. He, a respected and educated gentleman, had died happily in the thought of future honors to his name.

II.

The clown felt a thrill of emotion pass over him. A sudden ambition awoke within his soul. The forty years behind him seemed to hold forth their wealth of knowledge and experience as ransom for his fallen self. His son, his name, his pride seemed suddenly to torment his sleeping spirit.

Three months later, after continuous search, Lincoln Thayer, free from his

clownish name and character, secured a job in a lawyer's office. At night he studied with feverish zeal, and his old aptness for learning seemed to return. The quick eye of ambition searched out the tracts of refinement. The inborn pride and dignity of the Thayers rose to the surface, once more.

Opportunity presented itself and he was ready. A well-known politician was on the verge of establishing a so-called reform. Through the eyes of poverty and hardship Thayer could look with piercing comprehension upon the selfish, lustful motive behind the move. Putting all his power and eloquence into words, he wrote an article which appeared among contributions in various periodicals.

The power in this attack stirred universal interest and, incidentally, destroyed the attempt at "reformation." With the aid of a kindly ex-senator, Thayer soon rose to prominence in the Republican Party. A series of moves against an impending measure in the State of Massachusetts proved sufficient to bring him the gubernatorial candidacy.

As he expected, his record of low living was brought up. With that dauntless skill of a true politician he offered the whole story of his life, excepting, of course, any reference to the boy, as a proof of his thorough knowledge and experience of life. With the foundation of an excellent family and an honorable name, he presented his career in the form of investigation and study of economic conditions, rather than of poverty and degradation.

One night, standing on a reviewing platform, before which was parading a procession of enthusiastic admirers and supporters of his campaign, he saw, with a thrill of happiness, a tall, fair-haired young man carrying a banner upon which was inscribed, "Thayer for Governor—The man of the people and for the people."

A year later the society ladies of Boston were all aflutter over the great ball and reception to be given by Mr. Cecil Thorndyke of New York, for the newly inaugurate, Governor Thayer. He was such a delightfully refined and cultured gentleman! What impossible and nonsensical stories had been told about his having been a clown in a burlesque show!

The great night arrived. Cloth of gold and sheen of silver, limpid pearls and cold, glittering diamonds, (like distant stars), rubies and sapphires and emeralds roses and lace and orchids and chiffon and a thousand other beautiful things, decorated the scene. Everybody one could wish for was there and a few one couldn't wish for into the bargain. There were tall ladies and short ladies and fair ladies and unfair ladies. There were also, of course, a few of that type, classed in the masculine sex, who pride themselves on being gentlemen, but put so much emphasis on the first syllable that the second almost drops off.

At length the guest of honor was announced. Amid a flurry of excitement and applause a tall, stately, smiling gentleman appeared. Among his large escort was that delightful, young Paul Thorndyke.

Until early the next morning the guests floated around the ball room, and the music and perfume floated over their heads.

It was near one o'clock when the Governor took his departure. With one arm about the shoulders of his tall son and his other hand clasping that of Cecil Thorndyke, he breathed a great sigh of happiness.

"This is far beyond anything I ever dreamed of, Cecil," he said, warmly.

Thorndyke gazed at him in mixed admiration and affection.

"You have indeed risen from the dead," he answered.

Self-Sacrifice

E. T. O'BRIEN '21

The day of the great track meet with Bradford was approaching. The students of Audubon were in greater hopes of winning than they had been for the last five years. Almost every man who had taken part in any branch of athletics during the school year, had been persuaded to don the spikes, and try his skill on the cinder-path—or in the field-events. In most instances, the raw recruits proved of little value. There were, however, a few valuable exceptions. Jones, the first-string pitcher, proved to have remarkable form in the javelin throw, due largely to practice in pitching. Sumner, the quarterback, proved to have faculties for a broad-jumper, and Brown, a rangy tackle, developed into a fine discus-thrower.

All this description is to illustrate and convey to the mind of the reader the interest which was being stirred up by "Pug" Smith, the coach.

Allow me, reader, to introduce to you the hero of the story, Harold Dean. Harry was of medium stature, and weighed about 145 pounds. For three years he had strived to earn the coveted "A", but each year, owing to some bit of hard luck, was unable to place in the dual meet with Bradford, and, consequently, failed to receive his letter. This year he was the fastest half-miler in the school, until the urgent call for material brought forth Joe Grimes, a new comer.

Joe was about an inch smaller than Harry, but weighed equally as much. Joe, at first, proved to be but of mediocre calibre. But "Pug" Smith, realizing his worth, worked him hard until, running in the (st meet, he won the mile in the fast time of four minutes, forty and two-fifths seconds. Harry, in the same meet, won the half-mile in two minutes, three and four-fifths seconds. The season wore along until, shortly before the Bradford meet, Harry learned that Joe was to run the half, as well as the mile. This, Harry reasoned, was unfair. True, Joe would be somewhat fatigued, but Bradford had two very competent men in this event, and there was a possible chance that once again he might fail in making his letter. The thought was appalling, and the flame of jealousy was kindled in his heart, as he watched Joe jog around the track. Naturally the jealousy of Harry was noticed by Joe. Therefore, in order to prevent any ill-feeling, Joe thoughtfully had nothing to do with Harry, except when necessary.

The day of the great meet arrived at last. It proved to be an ideal day for running. It was a clear day, with a hot sun over-head, and no wind, excepting the stir of a slight breeze now and then. At about two o'clock the advance guard of the Bradford cohorts arrived. The invaders, with their young lady friends, presented a pretty spectacle as, with banners flying, the many colored procession moved across the field towards the stand reserved for them. The rival bands played, school songs were sung, and many cheers rent the atmosphere, until at precisely three o'clock the gun was fired, and eight men raced down the straight-way in the first heat of the 220-yd. dash. The meet had begun. With the results of each event the outcome of the meet became more and more doubtful. The score was 63 to 63, with but one event remaining, and that, the half-mile. With only three places qualifying, the man that won would win the meet for his school, as the points were 5, 3, and 1, for first, second, and third, respectively.

The runners lined up, with Jenks, the Bradford star, at the pole. Joe was in second position; Maher, a Bradford man, in third; and Harry was in fourth. The other contestants were lined up beyond Harry. "On your marks—Get set—" the starter raised his arm. "Crack—" and eleven tense figures sprang into motion. A Bradford man tore down the stretch into the lead, but the others refused to be drawn out at such an early stage of the race. As they rounded the first turn, Maher, running step for step with Jenks, had Joe boxed. Harry, noticing this, wondered how soon Joe would work his way out of it. Joe had earlier in the meet won the mile in fast time, but to Harry there was no signs of fatigue as the plucky little runner raced on. Running up the back stretch, the little group soon passed the Bradfordite who had formerly led, but who had shot his bolt. As the gun was fired, signifying the last lap, Jenks quickened the pace. Harry, when turning the corner, realized that Joe, and not he, was the man to win the race. Common sense triumphed over jealousy, and Harry resolved to do his best to help Joe to win for Bradford. As they ran down the stretch Harry suddenly sprinted, and running wide, passed the group. When they turned into the home-stretch he was leading, but he knew he couldn't keep it up, and yet back of him he could hear the panting breath of the Bradford men who were boxing Joe, and preventing Audubon from winning the meet. Suddenly realizing that if he sprinted he would draw out one of his opponents, and Joe would have room to dart through, he increased his speed. Far ahead he could see a little red thread stretched across his path. With his eyes on that thread he fought on. His breath was now coming in huge sobs. His legs seemed chained to the ground, his arms were lifeless, they were moving mechanically. His tongue, parched, felt like a large ball choking him. His lungs must burst soon. Suddenly, a mighty roar as of water falling—filled his ears—then a terrific boom—bright lights shone for an instant, then darkness.

When he came to, he saw through a mist, "Pug's" grinning face. "Did we win?" he asked.

"We certainly did, son," beamed Pug. "When you sprinted, Maher followed you and left a hole for Joe to run through, and, believe me, he ran. He and Jenks ran neck and neck for the last 50 yards, but Joe had just a bit more left, and with a mighty sprint, hurled himself at the tape—and won by inches. It was a great race Harry, but it took all the joy out of it when I saw you fall."

"Then I didn't—" Harry could say no more. He rolled over and sobbed and sobbed. He thought he had won, and now after four years—.

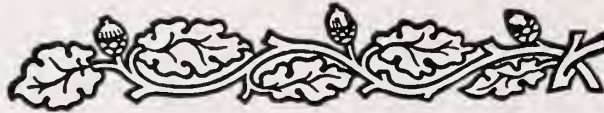
* * * * *

It was June, "and what is so rare as a day in June?" Commencement Day at Audubon was one of those June days such as Lowell wrote of. The sun was shining brightly, flowers were in blossom, birds were singing, and the earth was clothed in a fresh mantle of green. But to Harry the day held no joy. That night the class dance was to be held, and during the intermission the Dean was to award the letters to the school athletes. To Harry, however, it meant only the revival of bitter memories.

The gymnasium, trimmed with banners and lanterns, could hardly be recognized. The various colored gowns, set off with a background of Japanese lanterns, made a picture that will long be remembered by all who were present. Harry danced, but when the intermission came, he stole away and hid in a corner of the room. The letters were awarded to the fellows, starting in the fall with football,

and taking them in the order in which they came. The awards had all been made and Harry's name had not been mentioned. But what was the Dean saying? "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have a very special award to make this evening. There is one fellow who deserves exceptional praise and mention. For three years he has labored hard to earn his 'A'. This year he entered school, the best in his event, until a newcomer tried his luck, and proved to be this boy's superior. In the recent meeting with Bradford, realizing that he was second to this newcomer, he sacrificed himself so that his rival might withdraw from the handicapping position he was in. By leaping into a sprint that he knew he couldn't keep up, he so influenced the Bradford men, that forgetting their instructions, they started in pursuit, thereby giving his rival the opportunity to win. As a result Audubon won the meet, but the boy that made victory possible collapsed and did not finish. As a consequence he has, technically, not earned his letter. But upon the unanimous vote of the athletic association (sanctioned by the faculty), he has been awarded the coveted prize. I therefore take great pleasure in presenting to Harry Dean, his letter."

A great wave of gratitude and joy surged through Harry. He had received his "A". The goal he had sought was won.



STRICTLY FOR SENIORS

Ahern—No talent, yet a character.—Heine.

Atkinson—Punctuality is the politeness of kings.—

Auerbach—But a rascal of a child.—La Fontaine.

Bailen—Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books.

—Shakespeare.

Barron—T'is all barren.—Stein.

Barry—Henry, I shudder at thee.—Goethe.

Barton—He was so generally civil that no one thanked him for it.—Johnson.

Bornstein—Why aren't they all contented like me?—

Boyd—I am modesty in its allotted part.—Goethe.

Bragg—What's in a name?—Shakespeare.

Brown—Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look.—Shakespeare.

Burke—Hail to the chief who in triumph advances.—Scott.

Cohen H.—He was fiddler and consequently a rogue.—Swinnburne.

Cohen M.—Away with him! he speaks Latin.—Shakespeare.

Cohen S.—All my fame is due to myself alone.—Crevillon.

- Condon—Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk.—Lee.
Cooper—I knew that before you were born.—Phaedrus.
Crowley—Full of a sweet indifference.—Buchanan.
Cummings—Not every age is fit for childish pranks.—Plautus.
Curran—Thou knave! Thou naughty, naughty knave.—Shakespeare.
Dacey—I did not care one straw.—Terence.
Dalton—Whistle and she'll come to you.—Beaumont and Fletcher.
Devine—Simply divine!—
Donnelly—I fear for you, Donnelly.—Hobbs.
Doyle—What wondrous life is this I lead.—Marvell.
Dworet—Abash'd the devil stood.—Milton.
Eaton—He was so generally civil.—Johnson.
Estabrooks—Thou hast the patience and the faith of saints.—Longfellow
Fallon—Though angel on the outward side.—Shakespeare
Flynn—He who rises late never does a good day's work.—
Ford—Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth That I to manhood
am arrived so near.—Milton.
Freedman—A fig for care and a fig for woe.—Heywood.
Friedman—A mother's pride, a father's joy.—Scott.
Ginsburg—And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew that one small
head could carry all he knew.—Goldsmith.
Golden—Turn over a new leaf!—
Guild—A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing—Shakespeare.
Hart—There's mischief in this man.—Shakespeare.
Hedberg—Always in the wrong—Dryden.
Henry—What hand but would a garland cull for thee who art so beautiful.
—Wordsworth.
Herson—The arbiter of fashion.—
Holygman—I awoke one morning and found myself famous.—Byron.
Hurley—For men may come and men may go but I go on forever—Tennyson.
Hutchings—As full of wit as an egg is full of meat.—Sterne.
Hyland—Sometimes he is a kind of puritan—Shakespeare.
Iovino—This wise man never loses his temper.—
Isber—What a plague it is to be too handsome!—Plautus.
Jacobs—I took to my heels as fast as I could—Terence.
Kaplan—Bid me discourse and I will enchant thine ear.—
Karsian—I was not born under a rhyming planet.—Shakespeare.
Keough—One ear it heard, at the tother out it went.—Chaucer.
Kolodny—A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits—Pope.
Lake—Though banished, yet a true born Englishman—Shakespeare.
Lash—Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife—Gray.
Learson—Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men may read strange
matters.—Shakespeare.
Leverone—My appetite comes to me while eating—Montaigne.
Loey—I am as sober as a judge.—Fielding.
McDermott—The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power.—Gray.
McGovern—I would the gods had made thee poetical.—Shakespeare.

- Maclean—All nature wears one universal grin.—Fielding.
 Mahoney—He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.—
 Martin—The applause of listening senates to command.—Gray.
 Manei—I am Sir Oracle and when I open my lips let no dog bark.
 —Shakespeare.
 Minard—Even the worthy Homer sometimes nods.—Horace.
 Monohan— Blessings on thee, little man!—Whittier.
 Moriarty—Oft have we seen him at the peep of day.—Gray.
 Morris—I am the very pink of courtesy—Shakespeare.
 Morrison—Things are not always what they seem.—Phaedrus.
 Nelson—Enough for thee weak woman to delude.—Derby.
 Newman—Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright!
 —Shakespeare.
 Nordberg—Not every age is fit for childish pranks.—Plautus.
 Norton W. E. { Birds of a feather—
 Norton A. L. {
 O'Hearn—A young man that blushes is better than one that turns pale.—Cato.
 O'Leary—He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.—Blake.
 Olitsky—He had strong sense—Macaulay.
 Palmbaum.—For even tho' vanquished, he could argue still.—Goldsmith.
 Panico—"Panuco."—Cannell.
 Pascoe—Oh! how our neighbor lifts his nose, to tell what every schoolboy
 knows.—Swift.
 Perry—How long pray, will thou abuse our patience, Cataline?—Cicero.
 Prendergast—Without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.
 Ravit—When in doubt, mind your own business.—Carlyle.
 Riha—And he is lank and lean and brown, as is the ribbed sea-sand.—Coleridge.
 Rooney—A most fastidious person you appear.
 Rudnick—Am I a god? I see so clearly.—Shakespeare.
 Sacco—Thou shouldst eat to live; not live to eat.—Cicero.
 Sartoris—Hail the conquering hero comes!—Scott.
 Segal—I am the very pink of courtesy—Shakespeare.
 Shapiro G.—So young and so untender.—Shakespeare.
 Sigel—A little peach in an orchard grew.—Field.
 Stuart—When shall we laugh?—Shakespeare.
 Sughrue—I have been here before.—Rosetti.
 Sullivan—I have fed like a farmer, I shall grow fat as a porpoise—Swift.
 Taft—Flawless his heart, and tempered at the core—Lowell.
 Turner—I like your silence.—Shakespeare.
 Vara—How far that little candle throws its beams.—Shakespeare.
 Vernaglia—That Latin is no more difficile, than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle.
 —Butler
 Watson—The man that blushes is not quite a brute—Young.
 Wendt—I worked with a patience which is almost power.—Browning.
 Whiting—The word 'rest' is not in my vocabulary.—Greeley.
 Woelfel—There's mischief in this man.—Shakespeare.
 Wright—If the end-all were the be-all.—Shakespeare.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES





REGISTER STAFF—1921-1922

Burke, Fine, Otis, Blake, Flynn, Marget, Wendt, O'Brien
Boyd (*Business Manager*), Whiting (*Editor-in-Chief*), Pascoe (*Managing Editor*)



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ISAAC FINE.....	STAFF ARTIST
H. H. BLAKE	}CLASS II EDITORS
W. F. OTIS ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER	
E. C. MARGET	
PHILLIP FLYNN }	}CLASS III EDITORS
E. T. O'BRIEN }	

Editorial

Things aren't what they used to be. Once the sea voyager was under constant peril of his life, what with pirates, and storms, and leaky ships. Yet this was the spice of life; excitement, thrill, the wonderful feeling that one had when he realized that a few planks were between him and Davy Jones' locker. Now he steps aboard a floating, gigantic palace, of every possible comfort and protection, assured of a pleasant voyage. Likewise has the glory of the adventure gone; it has degenerated into a monotonous, sane means of locution. Yet we would not have it changed. Why, pray? Has humanity softened? Has the human race declined? Or, on the contrary, is this a proof of increased civilization? Is this a token of the fact that the mind and not the body will be more and more the great factor? What will happen when the limit is reached? What will there be left to stimulate the brain's activities? Will we get into a beaten track, so that we shall be forced to invent excitement?

It is perplexing.



LATIN SCHOOL ORCHESTRA—1921-1922

The Latin School Orchestra

VINCENT R. PANICO, LIBRARIAN

The Latin School Orchestra shows a marked and decided difference this year from last. It is now dedicated to the compositions of only the great masters. It has done away with "Jazz." Mr. Findlay, a teacher in the New England Conservatory of Music, is a finished musician, and it is under his direction that the orchestra has accomplished so much. The orchestra has seen many remarkable changes this year. I shall enumerate the changes now.

The Latin School Orchestra, as almost all school orchestras, has been very weak in the wind instruments. It is not so now, I am glad to say. The orchestra has a very strong wind section and will continue to have one for a few years, at least, for the boys are all young. The wind section consists of two clarionets, two cornets, a French horn, an instrument which is as rare as Babylonian coins, and, last but not least, an oboe. Every music lover knows what a beautiful effect an oboe has in an orchestra; its sweet, mellow tone every one likes. All these instruments, excepting the two cornets, are the property of the school. This leads to the next very important and delightful change.

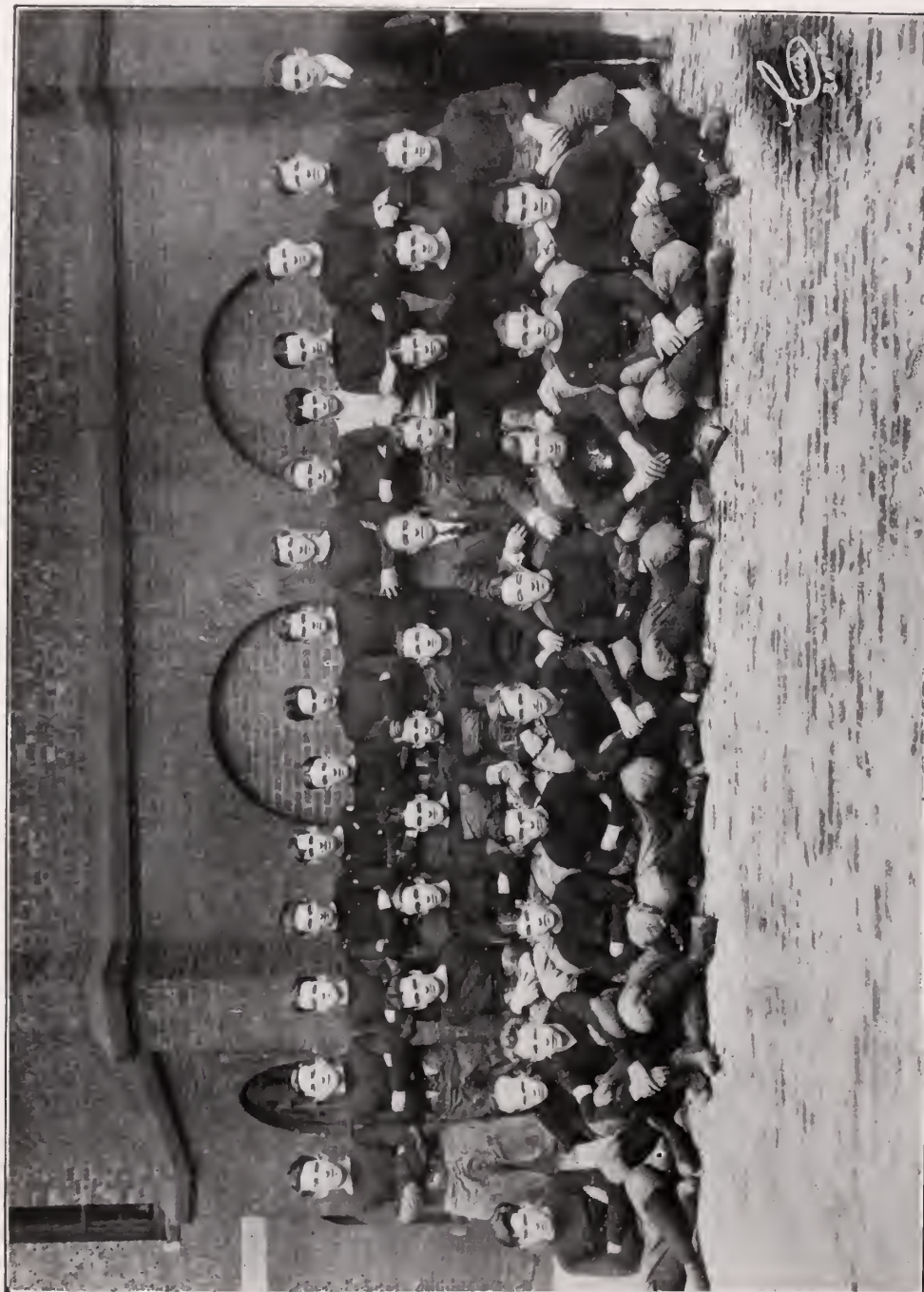
This year the City of Boston has begun to spend a great amount of money for the promotion of music in the public Schools. The City says, "Why let the foreigners fill up the Boston Symphony Orchestra? Why not have the home talent there instead?" It is hoped that the City of Boston will soon have an accomplished orchestra of its own.

Now to get back to those instruments. What a chance we boys have now-a-days! Hereafter to any worthy boy with an ambition, the City will loan a musical instrument provided that he will take lessons from a good teacher and play in his school orchestra. In a short time the City will provide the teacher also. The boy may keep the instrument until he finishes his course in school. The Latin School Orchestra needs a bassoon player. Some one of you boys of the freshmen class ought to get the magnificent bassoon assigned to the Latin School. The Orchestra also has two basses. Two boys have started taking lessons and on account of their previous study in music, are getting along very well. These basses are fine instruments, and any one may play them if he will only take lessons. The school gave out four violas to four boys who played violin and they have managed to get along very well without a teacher.

Next year the Latin School is to have a brass band. The school will provide the instruments and also the teaching. Here is your chance, boys; go and get it. If you don't, someone else will. It was in bands and orchestras of this kind that all the great artists started their careers.

The school will enter its new building next fall. The Orchestra is to have a large room in which to keep its music and belongings. It also will have a better place for rehearsal. With an orchestra such as Mr. Findlay is capable of making, I am sure that in a short time all traces of the discordant modern music known as "Jazz", will be totally removed from schools and I hope to see the Latin School with the best school orchestra in the City of Boston.

The members of the Orchestra extend their hearty thanks to their leader, Mr. Findlay, and especially to Mr. Campbell for the great interest he has taken in the orchestra, for it was through his constant endeavor that we have received Mr. Findlay as a teacher, after Mr. Henderson decided to discontinue his good work for it.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Rear Row—Kolodny, Ravit, Ingoldsby, Hyland, Hart, Condon, Lash, Bruen., Learson, Sartoris,
Middle Row—Norton, Fitzpatrick, W. E. Norton, French, Pascoe (*Manager*)
 Holloran, Mahoney, Henry, Nordberg, McDermott (*Capt.*), Mr. O'Brien (*Coach*)
 Harris (*Capt-elect*). Crosby, Burke, Guile
Front Row—Riley, Barry, Elton, Kelly, Hunt, Wendt, Hurley, Watson, Sullivan, Rossman

THE FOOTBALL TEAM—1921

Joseph F. Pascoe, Manager

A thousand and more enthusiastic boys journeyed to school on its opening day, September 14, all eager to help the football team along, either as members of the cheering section or as players.

Mr. O'Brien, famous football mentor and school coach, kindled the first spark of enthusiasm September 16, at the first football meeting of the season. Here he welcomed back to school a few of last year's football lettermen, namely Captain McDermott, Nordberg, Watson, Fitzpatrick, Mahoney, Buren, Henry, and Crosby. These players were an invaluable asset to the team and formed the nucleus for the new organization. Many other boys appeared who in the course of the year proved their worth to the team, such as captain-elect Harris, Rossman, W. E. Norton, Hunt, Guild, Halloran, and Burke.

Immediately after the distribution of uniforms, practice began, being held daily each afternoon at the Strandway playgrounds in South Boston. More boys than could be accommodated with football uniforms appeared during the first week. Later many fellows dropped out because of ineligibility or because they felt that more time should be given to the school work. Towards the middle of the season no more than forty fellows regularly appeared at practice.

Just before the first game of the season, Mr. O'Brien sustained a severe fracture of the ankle, which necessitated his staying indoors for nearly a month. This was a severe set back to the team and cast quite a bit of gloom over the organization.

Journeying to Groton School, October 1, the team was met with surprise and was forced to bow to its ancient rivals in a ghastly score of 28 to 0. However, in this game McDermott and Henry played exceptionally well.

The following week, Mr. David Mullen, former star half-back for Boston College, joined the team as substitute for Mr. O'Brien. Our team, under Mr. O'Brien has always been trained in Harvard style, whereas Mr. Mullen has been used to training boys in Boston College style. This was his difficulty.

Mr. Mullen was only a short time with us, when the team went to Brockton to be defeated in a still more ghastly score of 56 to 0. Our star back, Nordberg, was not present at this game; nevertheless the team did its best under the existing circumstances. The best players of the day were Crosby, Harris, Watson, and McDermott.

The substitute coach, disgusted with the outcome of affairs, but not with the fellows, worked hard the next week and changed a few plays. The new plays proved temporarily valuable and enabled the team to defeat Mechanic Arts High School, 32 to 0. Here Nordberg displayed excellent tact and agility. Other players who played very well were Halloran, Guild, Norton, and Crosby.

Our next game was with Boston College High School. Nordberg, during the previous week, quite contrary to his general manner, slumped a trifle in his kicking. The game was played at University Heights. An excellent game ensued in which nothing but the most sterling sort of playing was displayed. The opponents secured a field goal during the second half, and by the failure of Nordberg to make an attempted kick, defeated Latin School in a score of 3 to 0.

Soon after this game, Mr. O'Brien returned. Things seemed brighter and a glorious end was predicted. Mr. O'Brien, ever faithful to the performance of his duties as coach, hobbling around on crutches for several weeks, put the team through

some very difficult work. Mr. O'Brien's coaching inspired the players, and on the following week, our team met the team from the High School of Commerce. The team went on the gridiron without Nordberg, who was suspended pending an investigation by the director of physical training. McDermott sustained a shoulder injury and was unable to play his best. The team, defeated in a score of 7 to 0, nevertheless played its very best and showed the opponents what real sportsmanship was.

Our next game was on November 4, with Quincy High School. The game was played at Quincy. The team was still without Nordberg. The Latin School team won over Quincy High School team in a victory of 7 to 0. Our star players, Sullivan and McDermott, Hunt, Crosby, and Burke, were also worthy of great commendation.

Armistice Day added another victory to the school's record. At Braves Field the team defeated Dorchester High School in a score of 12 to 0. This was the first game of the season that Bruen played, and it is needless to say that he played exceptionally well. Nordberg also played—and played very well. Other players who distinguished themselves were Mahoney, Crosby, Watson, McDermott, and Rossman.

The next two weeks elapsed without our playing any team. We were scheduled to play Weymouth High School, but through some error when the time to play arrived, Weymouth informed us that they were engaged to play Rockland. The team underwent the most gruelling kind of practice. Secret practices and plays were put into effect.

Thanksgiving Day saw the team on Fenway Park lined up against the team from English High School. Anxious hearts awaited the fateful whistle. The day was very unpleasant, half snow, half rain. Throughout the drizzly weather both teams clashed. The grandstands were filled to their utmost capacity. The teams kept up the battle on the snowcapped field, but to no end. Finally the whistle blew for the second half. Again the teams battled, and still no decision. Nordberg and McDermott both sustained painful injuries but did not leave the field. The game ended, disappointingly, in a score of 0 to 0.

What began to be a gloomy year, broken by injuries and ineligibilities, due to the good will and high spirits of all was certainly kindled into a mighty spark and ended in a blaze of glory. Too much praise can never be given Mr. Campbell and Mr. O'Brien for the keen interest which they had in the team and the good which they did for it.

Because of their remarkable and praiseworthy fidelity in the field, and ability to participate as Latin School boys in a game of football, the following were awarded the football "L":

James F. McDermott, Jr.	Edmund Harris	J. A. Nordberg
<i>Captain</i>	<i>Captain-elect</i>	W. G. Henry
F. A. Lash	J. J. Mahoney	A. F. Bruen
Edmund Burke	W. E. Norton	J. E. Ingoldsby
W. F. Hyland	M. I. Harte	J. Kolodny
S. W. Elton	G. J. Ravit	J. F. Barry
W. A. Brine, Jr.	J. L. Fitzpatrick	C. W. Hunt
G. Rossman	W. B. Guild	C. Halloran
J. V. Condon	R. J. Learson, Jr.	G. P. Norton

P. R. Wendt
W. H. Sullivan

J. P. Crosby
E. V. Watson

W. C. French, Jr.
J. F. Pascoe, *Manager*

TENNIS

R. L. ROONEY, '22 MANAGER

The scholastic year of 1921-22 is drawing to a close. The school work at this time is summed-up and recorded. It is well then also to sum up and record our achievements in sports for the past year.

Not only on the gridiron, diamond, and track do "Latin's banners rise." They have shone forth this year with vigor on the tennis courts.

The tennis season did not really start until the spring of '22. However, in the fall of '21 a tournament was held to enable Mr. Rice, our Faculty Manager, to determine the boys were to play. By virtue of their strength they were arranged in the following order: Shapiro, Kennedy, Lake (later elected captain), Guild, Nolan, Cohen, Zitter, and Keough.

It was in the above order of play that the spring season opened. However, it was not long before we met with difficulties. Lake, who was made Captain at the spring election, along with Nolan and Zitter, fell into scholastic troubles. The team was forced to go on without them. Lake luckily was out but for a short time. After this trouble matters moved more smoothly.

Through Mr. Rice's kindness and intercession our practice and "at home" matches have been held at the Longwood courts in Chestnut Hill. It is a wonderful place to play and many thanks are due Mr. Rice for securing them for us.

Up to the time this was written the team was having a fair measure of success with the hardest teams of the schedule behind them. The private school teams, to whom a great deal of time and coaching are devoted, gave us the greatest amount of trouble.

In the matches that have been played the individual players have made a good showing. Shapiro has had a hard fight as number one man but has played good tennis and deserves a goodly amount of praise. Kennedy, who played number one man on last year's team, has been playing good tennis also. His opponents who have been strong men themselves have found in him a man worthy of their mettle. His form is fine, and at times his play is brilliant. Lake's game has improved since last year. For the most part it is good. At times, he has rather erratic flashes, getting impossible shots and losing easy ones. Guild, who was later displaced by Cohen for fourth berth, is not playing up to form this year. In practice he "looks the goods" but seems a bit self-conscious in the matches. Cohen has had not opportunity to show what he can do in singles against an outside team.

However, his work with Guild and Nolan and Keough in the doubles is very commendable and shows he has something there. Keough who has only been in the doubles has made a good team-mate for Cohen. It has been found that the combination of Kennedy and Lake in the first doubles is better than that of Shapiro and Kennedy.

Captain Shapiro, Lake, Guild, and Cohen will be lost to the team by graduation. However, with Kennedy and Nolan as a base Mr. Rice ought to be able to build up another good team next year.

Let us hope that we may finish the season successfully and leave behind us a record that we may be proud of. Let us hope, too, that those men who are graduating may keep up their tennis in their college careers so that their Alma Mater may bask in the reflected light of their success.



SPORT NOTES

Edmund Burke, Sporting Editor

The baseball team has not met with the best of success thus far this season and it seems strange that this is so. In most of the games the team plays first class ball for the first few innings but then for some reason weakens. Finnegan has done most of the pitching but without the necessary support has been unable to carry the team to victory. At shortstop he has played a fine game. Condon has done good work behind the bat as well as being a sure hitter.

The team lost both games to Mechanic Arts High School, the first by the score of 3 to 4 and the second by the score of 3 to 5.

At Quincy our baseball team defeated the Quincy High School nine, 10 to 6. Nordberg and Condon each hit a home run which contributed largely to the victory. Dacey, Haggerty, and Conlon got two hits apiece.

Our team defeated East Boston High, 16 to 9, in a game played at the Strandway playground. Finnegan was the star of this game. He got two home runs, a double and a single. Nordberg and Conlon fielded well.

We lost to our old rivals, English High, by the score of 9 to 5. The team seemed to go to pieces at the vital moments and, as the score indicated, the less said about it the better.

In a dual meet with English High School at the Charlesbank track, our runners lost to our rivals in a closely contested meet. The final score was 21 to 17. The only double first place winners were Jacobs of Latin and McKillop of English.



School Notes

On Monday, May 22, Major Stafford, of General Edward's staff, addressed the assembly. His talk was in regard to the Citizens' Military Training Course at Camp Devens. He spoke in detail of the life at camp and of the beneficial effects of the course of training. The Major emphasized the fact that to those who believe in universal military training and bewail the government's failure to require it by law, an opportunity for voluntary service is offered. It is a direct form of national service in laying the foundation for constant preparedness. Major Stafford cited Switzerland as a case of the power of preparedness, since the numerous great belligerent powers surrounding her observed the utmost care to avoid incurring her enmity. Leaflets were distributed which gave further information about the course. The speaker appealed to those boys who are in a position to go to the camp this summer, and we hope the call will be answered to the ensuing benefit and satisfaction of the nation and of themselves.

* * * * *

The Latin School Prize Drill was held on Friday, May 12, at the East Armory. The first place was won by Company 13, under Capt. Edmund Burke; second, by Company 3, under Capt. William Henry; and third, by Company 8, under Capt. Henry Barry; fourth, by Company 2, under Capt. Richard Learson; fifth, by Company 1, under Capt. Joseph Pascoe. Joseph I. Ingoldsby won the individual prize for excellence in drumming. Individual prizes for the manual of arms were awarded to the following boys: R. Abizaid, C. Black, L. Dunn, J. Factor, E. Gallahue, E. Main, J. Mitchell, T. Morrissey, R. Murphy, J. Reed.

* * * * *

On Saturday, May 27, the Inter-Regimental Drill was held at the East Armory. The prizes were awarded by Major Dunn whom Mr. Burke introduced. The first place was won by Company 14 of English High School, under Captain Paul G. Kirk. Second place went to Company I of Brighton, under Captain Heffernan. Company 13 of Boston Latin School won the third prize. Music was furnished by the English High School band. There was a large and loud audience.

* * * * *

On the day before Memorial Day, assembly in the hall was held in the third period. The exercise was carried out as usual beginning with the reading of the Scripture. Theodore Massell gave a selection on the piano and the Headmaster read the notices. Then with a short introduction, Mr. Campbell presented the speaker of the day. On this occasion we had the honor and the pleasure of listening to Dr. Byron Groce, a former master of the school. The speaker opened with a few words on the meaning of Memorial Day and then related several of his own reminiscences. Experiences and incidents during the period of the Civil War made this speech an interesting picture of that critical period. Speaking of memorials, Dr. Groce told of a Greek memorial he procured in Athens at the foot of a small altar to Minerva. He spoke of the World War as another great sharer in the homage of Memorial Day. Finally Dr. Groce brought his speech to an end with the same word he used to begin, "Remember."



BASEBALL TEAM

Standing—Andrews, Hurley, Fusco, Jacobs, Sartoris (*Manager*), McDermott, Barry, Henry, A. Norton
Seated—Dacey, Condon, Mr. O'Brien (*Coach*), Nordberg (*Capt.*), Finnegan (*Capt.-elect*), Tobin

BASEBALL

II. Sartoris '22

As baseball succeeded indoor track, there answered to Coach O'Brien's call about sixty candidates, all eager to dig the old spikes in the spring turf.

John Nordberg was appointed acting captain by Coach O'Brien. Working under him, from last year's regulars were Finnegan, Jacobs, Harris, and Haggerty.

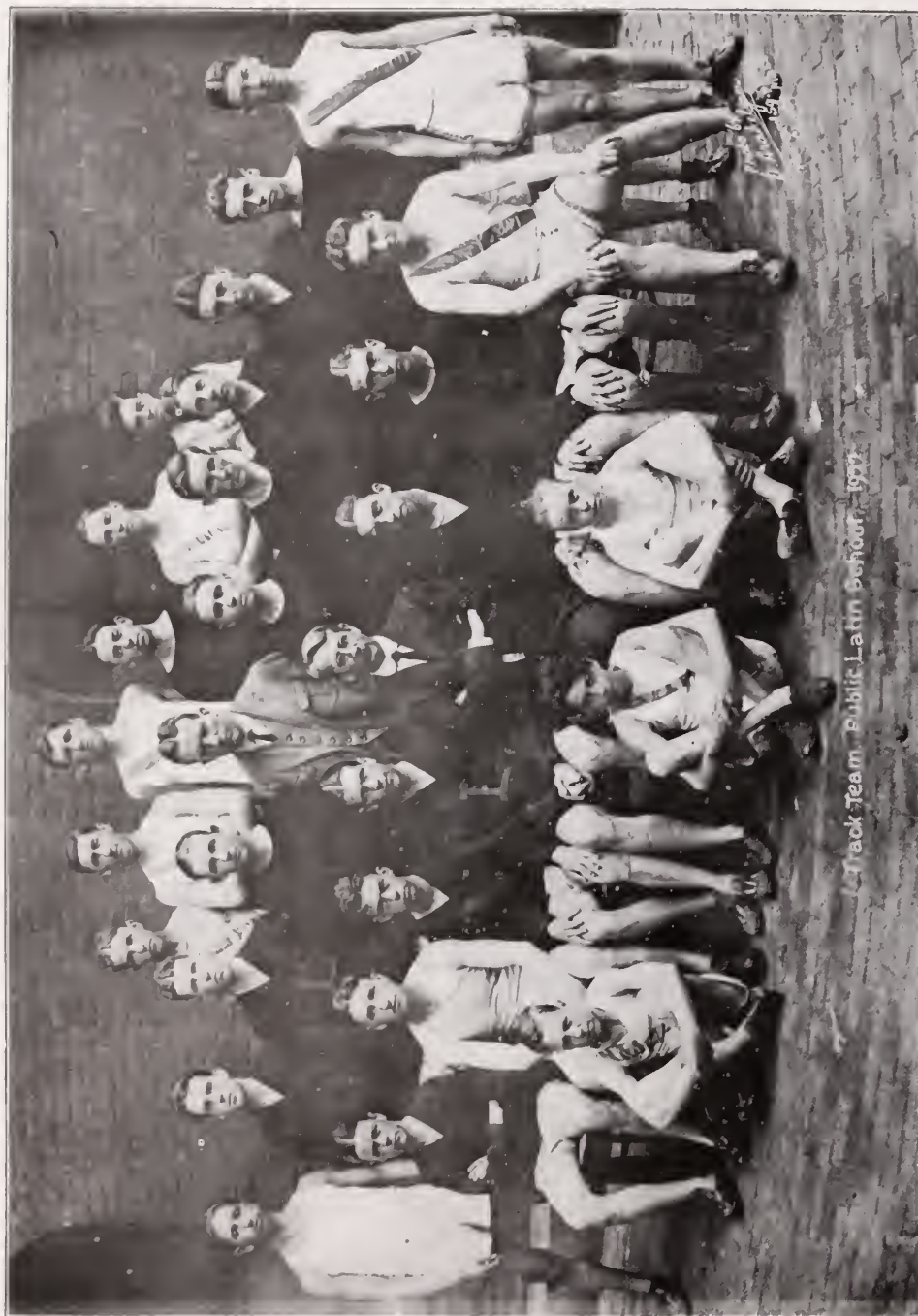
Andrews and Finnegan have tossed the ball during previous games. Harris also tried a hand and looked very promising indeed, but, due to ineligibility, was unable to pitch during May. Conlon was on the receiving end, playing a fine, snappy game against each opposing team. With Finnegan's head-work and Conlon's pep the team has been playing good ball. Of course there have been breaks when the team has played poorly, but with the second series of games of the league coming we hope for better luck. Sullivan started at first, but left to do track work. Tobin, a recruit, is holding his own on that bag. Haggerty, a veteran, covered second. He also left for track work. Dacey will probably hold second. With Finnegan in his old position at short and Nordberg playing the hot-corner, our infield is complete. For the outfield, Jacobs has been holding territory in left, while McDermott and Henry have been stationed in center and right, respectively. Among other promising candidates who have played in one or more games are Goode, Kolodny, Jusonie, Hurley, Barry, Halleran, Richards, and Sullivan.

Somehow a jinx or some other animal has hovered over the team in some of its games; but with the season in full swing under Coach O'Brien, we wish the squad the best of luck.

Coach O'Brien called a special meeting of all candidates who had been out for the team in the early part of the season, the first time candidates ever have been summoned a second time. He stated that there was a chance for everyone. He also mentioned the fact that material had been lost or had strayed, due to careless management. We hope everything will result happily.

Coach O'Brien stated that he thought that the fellows he had to work with this year had the ability to play ball. Though we are below in the league standing now, let us hope for the best in the future.





TRACK TEAM

Third Row—Cohen, Ingoldsby, W. E. Norton, W. Sullivan, Crowley (*Manager*), Mahoney, Watson, Shapiro, Beshner.
Second—Nolan, McDermott, Hunt, Crosby (*Capt.-elect*), Mr. Campbell, J. Sullivan, Jacobs, Henry
Front—Faran, Morrissey

Track Team, Public Latin School, 1922

TRACK

J. E. Crowley, '22, Manager

When Coach O'Brien issued his usual call for track men this year, a large number responded. Amongst those who met in Room 22 were some of last year's team who made themselves quite famous. Such men as Captain Crosby, Bert Jacobs, "Red" Haggerty, and Jim McDermott were ready to duplicate their 1921 performances. Then, too, Eddie Harris, Johnny Fitzpatrick, and Johnny Nordberg were ready to do their best to make a 1922 Latin School track team up to the standing of other years.

Our first test came in a three-cornered meet with English High and the Harvard yearling team as our opponents. Though we were far from pressing the Cambridge team for top honors, we made second place with the satisfaction of seeing our athletes do their utmost and witnessing a double defeat for our time-honored rival, English High. It was at this meet that the full enjoyment of our hearts was not present because of the loss of our best three-hundred-yarder, Captain Crosby. A week previous he was stricken ill and an operation had to be performed.

A week later our team swept the strong Dorchester High team into defeat by a big margin of points.

It was at this stage of the season that Mr. O'Brien picked his relay team to run the two-lap distance against English High at the B. A. A. games. As in former years we came out victor. This team also won at the relay games over their old rival and again broke a record.

Latin School was defeated by Commerce in a hotly contested meet, but a week later defeated the weak M. A. H. S. team by an enormous margin.

Though we were defeated by English in our annual dual meet it was only due to our weakness in the field events, which has always seemed to handicap Latin School track teams.

The final event of the season came in the Regimental games. Here Latin School, by the great efforts of Jacobs and Haggerty, brought away two new records. Jacobs broke the tape in the 600-yd. event in the Intermediate division with a record that will probably stand for years. Haggerty in the Senior division also broke a record, though his time was 2-5 of a second slower than his teammate's.

We received second place, but that is only half the story, for the great work of such men as Jacobs, Haggerty, Hunt, Sullivan, Elton, McDermott, Becherer, Harris, and a dozen others would make a long story.

The 1922 team is a real credit to the famous old school, and we undergraduates, as well as the alumni, can look with pleasure on the results of Mr. O'Brien's work of the past season.



RIFLE TEAM

Standing—Minard, Bornstein, Boyd, Ginsberg
Kneeling—Keefe, Norton, McGovern, Fallon, Kaplan

THE RIFLE TEAM

The Rifle Team started its season in October, and as there were not any veterans from last year, prospects of a successful season looked dim, indeed.

Out of about thirty fellows who came out for practice, nine fellows were chosen to represent the team.

MacGovern was elected captain and Fallon manager.

The team was defeated by M. I. T. '25 and Brookline, both very strong rifle teams. The team showed up fairly well considering that it was their first two matches.

In the New England School Boys Championships, which were divided into five different stages, the team's improvement was marked. In the first stage our total was 877 points out of a possible 1000. In the fifth and final stage, the team did creditable work by scoring 940 points out of a possible 1000. Those who qualified were: Bornstein 195, Fallon 189, Boyd 186, Kaplan 186, Minard 184. In the final scoring of the N. E. S. B. C. the Latin team finished fifth out of ten schools competing.

The team succumbed to the superior shooting of English High, who defeated us 486 to 454. Credit is due Castle of our opponents, who shot 99 points out of a possible 100.

Our next match was with Commerce, the city champions, who defeated us by the very close score of 475 to 472. It was in this match that the team hit its full stride. The fellows who "p'aced" were: MacGovern 95, Minard 95, Fallon 94, Bornstein 94, and Keefe 94.

In our last match the team defeated the West Roxbury High Rifle Team, 452 to 435. This was held on the 75-foot range instead of the customary 50-foot distance. Those who "placed" were: Bornstein 93, MacGovern 92, Fallon 92, Minard 89, and Keefe 86.

At a meeting of the rifle team, Keefe was elected captain, and Kaplan manager of next year's team. With these as a nucleus, the team should enjoy a successful year.

The following boys were awarded their rifle team "L's": Captain MacGovern, Manager Fallon, GinsLerg, Norton, Bornstein, Minard, Boyd, Keefe, and Kaplan



Editors-in-Chief and Business Managers

Following are the names of the editors-in-chief and business managers of the *Register* from 1883 to 1922, inclusive. In 1882 there was neither editor-in-chief nor business manager, but the full *Staff* of that year is here published.

1882—J. H. PAYNE, *Literary Editor*.

G. SANTAYANA { *Managing Editors*.

J. R. SLATTERY {

J. A. FRYE, *Military Editor*.

J. W. STRAUSS, *Sporting Editor*.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

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 1885—L. S. GRISWOLD
 1886—H. E. BURTON
 1887—A. S. HAYES
 1888—E. GROSSMAN
 1889—E. G. JACKSON
 1890—E. W. CAPEN
 1891—E. A. BALDWIN
 1892—H. W. PRESCOTT
 1893—E. E. SOUTHWARD
 1894—P. A. H. VAN DAELL
 1895—F. K. BRYANT
 1896—H. L. SEAVER
 1897—J. O'GORMAN
 1898—H. A. NOONE
 1899—L. R. CLAPP
 1900—C. W. HARRIS
 1901—J. N. CLARK
 1902—H. A. BELLOW'S
 1903—E. E. HOUSE
 1904—G. EMERSON
 1905—R. T. PEARE
 1906—W. A. CORLEY
 1907—G. O'GORMAN
 1908—H. W. SMITH
 1909—G. H. GIFFORD
 1910—R. G. WILSON, JR.
 1911—C. H. PETERSON
 1912—W. C. PACKARD
 1913—R. C. KELLEY
 1914—E. G. STANWOOD
 1915—W. A. GUILD
 1916—A. W. MARGET
 1917—E. A. MINARD
 1918—E. G. FAY
 1919—P. J. WENNERS
 1920—F. W. SAUNDERS
 1921—J. A. S. CALLANAN
 1922—H. E. WHITING

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 L. F. FOSS
 F. S. FRISBEE
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 D. DALY
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 A. J. COPP, JR.
 V. O'GORMAN
 C. LUBLIN
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 F. D. LITTLEFIELD
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 M. S. GREEN
 S. B. FINKEL
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 H. V. BAIL
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 W. C. CRONIN
 F. J. GILLIS
 R. B. TYLER
 A. M. SONNABEND
 S. R. DUNHAM, JR.
 R. M. SANDERS
 H. L. SEELY
 H. B. BROSS
 O. J. CURRIER
 M. J. LANGSAM
 H. ROBINSON
 P. L. BOYD

Roster of Second Brigade

2ND BRIGADE

Colonel Edmund Burke, Commanding

*Adjutant Major Daniel F. MacLean

*Chief of Staff Major Carl T. Karsian

Captain William B. Guild, 2nd Regt.

Captain James F. Sullivan, 2nd Regt.

Captain Roger L. Devine, 2nd Regt.

Captain Harry Olitzkey, 2nd Regt.

Captain Anthony Vara, 2nd Regt.

Sergt. Major James F. Collins, 2nd Regt.

* * * * *

2ND REGIMENT, B. S. C.

Lt. Colonel William G. Henry, Commanding

Adjutant Captain Frederick A. Lash

Captain Richard L. Rooney

1st Lieutenant George P. Morris, Jr.

Sergt. Major Hugh H. Blake

* * * * *

1ST BATTALION

Major Henry F. Barry, Commanding

Adjutant, 1st Lieut. Herbert E. Whiting

COMPANY 1*

Captain John V. Condon

1st Lieutenant, John J. Mahoney

2nd Lieutenant Kenneth S. Minard

COMPANY 2*

Captain Paul R. Wendt

1st Lieutenant John J. Sacco

2nd Lieutenant Samuel R. Palmbaum

COMPANY 3**

Captain Arthur L. Norton

1st Lieutenant Lester Ginsburg

2nd Lieutenant William L. Moriarty

COMPANY 4

Captain Daniel Holzman

1st Lieutenant John B. Vernaglia

2nd Lieutenant James F. Monahan

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

COMPANY 5

Captain Henry De V. Doyle
1st Lieutenant Sydney J. Cohen
2nd Lieutenant John J. A. Perry

COMPANY 6

Captain Alford P. Rudnick
1st Lieutenant Theodore B. Massell
2nd Lieutenant Abraham H. Brown

SECOND BATTALION

Major Richard J. Learson, Commanding
Adjutant, 1st Lieutenant Stanly M. Ford
Sergt. Major Francis E. Harrington

COMPANY 7

Captain Thomas J. Eaton
1st Lieutenant E. O'Hearn
2nd Lieutenant Leon B. Newman

COMPANY 8**

Captain Bernard J. Cummings
1st Lieutenant Willard I. Savage
2nd Lieutenant Edmund J. Gallahue

COMPANY 9

Captain Augustus G. McGovern
1st Lieutenant M. James Flynn
2nd Lieutenant Robert M. Nelson

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Captain Antonlno Iovino
1st Lieutenant Phillips L. Boyd
2nd Lieutenant Edward J. Golden

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Captain Eliot M. Bailen
1st Lieutenant Harry M. Sartoris, Jr.
2nd Lieutenant Joseph M. Ahearn

COMPANY 12

Captain Clarence B. Taft
1st Lieutenant Vincent R. Panico
2nd Lieutenant George J. Ravit

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 Adjutant, 1st Lieutenant Francis A. Riha
 Sergt. Major Alan F. Bruen

COMPANY 13***

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 1st Lieutenant Francis E. Donnelly
 2nd Lieutenant John H. Wright

COMPANY 14

Captain Leo Stern
 1st Lieutenant George J. Freedman
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COMPANY 15

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 1st Lieutenant Jacob Levy
 2nd Lieutenant John B. Dacey

COMPANY 16

Captain Harry Cohen
 1st Lieutenant Samuel Friedman
 2nd Lieutenant Ralph E. Morrison

COMPANY 17

Captain Bert. L. Jacobs
 1st lieutenant Benjamin Bornstein
 2nd Lieutenant Matthew Cohen

COMPANY 18

Captain Leopold U. Shapiro
 1st Lieutenant Aaron H. Auerbach
 2nd Lieutenant Arnold De F. Barton

* * * * *

IMAGINE

The juniors urging the hasty completion of the new school so that the seniors may be the first to graduate therefrom.

Any one who has ever had Mr. Campbell as a teacher not knowing the principal parts of *cado*, and *caedo*.

The seniors behaving when the master is suddenly called from the room.

A certain senior spending only four hours at lessons.

Anyone laughing at Register jokes.

Anyone getting by Room 4 after 2:05.

A certain master forgetting to assign a home-lesson.

Anyone going up the stairs, by Room 11.

A physics test being uncouncted on account of the general lowness of averages.

An immaculate Sanctum.

CLASS ALPHABET

A—stand for "Absence"; whenever we roam,
 B—stands for "Boys"; who are on their way;
 C—stands for "Caesar"; dictator of Rome,
 D—stands for "Diploma"; which comes the last day,
 E—stands for "English",—our *business* to know,
 F—stands for "Failure", which threatens us all;
 G—stands for "Greek", and days long ago,
 H—stands for "Hundred",—not common at all,
 I—stands for "Inclined Plane",—cause of distress,
 J—stands for "Jokes", which we never forget;
 K—stands for "Khaki",—a Senior's full dress,
 L—stands for "Latin", we may learn it yet.
 M—stands for "Marks", astounding each boy,
 N—stands for "Nerves", when with exams we toy;
 O—stands for "Order!", when whispers annoy,
 P—stands for "Physics", no great cause for joy.
 Q—stands for "Questions", that ne'er cease to be,
 R—stands for "*Register*", eight times a year;
 S—stands for "Simple", for simple are we,
 T—stands for "Troy", why read of it here?
 U—stands for "Useless", the mark of a dance,
 V—stands for "Vacation", those days of delight;
 W—stands for "Work", we've all tried it once,
 X—stands for Xerxes", who loved a good fight.
 Y—stands for "Yielding", we're never so mean,
 Z—stands for "Zeros", that made us so lean.

—*Carl T. Karsian '22*

ALMA MATER

Alma Mater, loved and honored,
 Through long years a beacon light,
 We, thy loyal sons, in praises,
 Hearts and voices all unite.

And as year by year we gather,
 Guided by thy lustrous light,
 We'll unfurl our stainless banner,
 Royal purple crowning white.

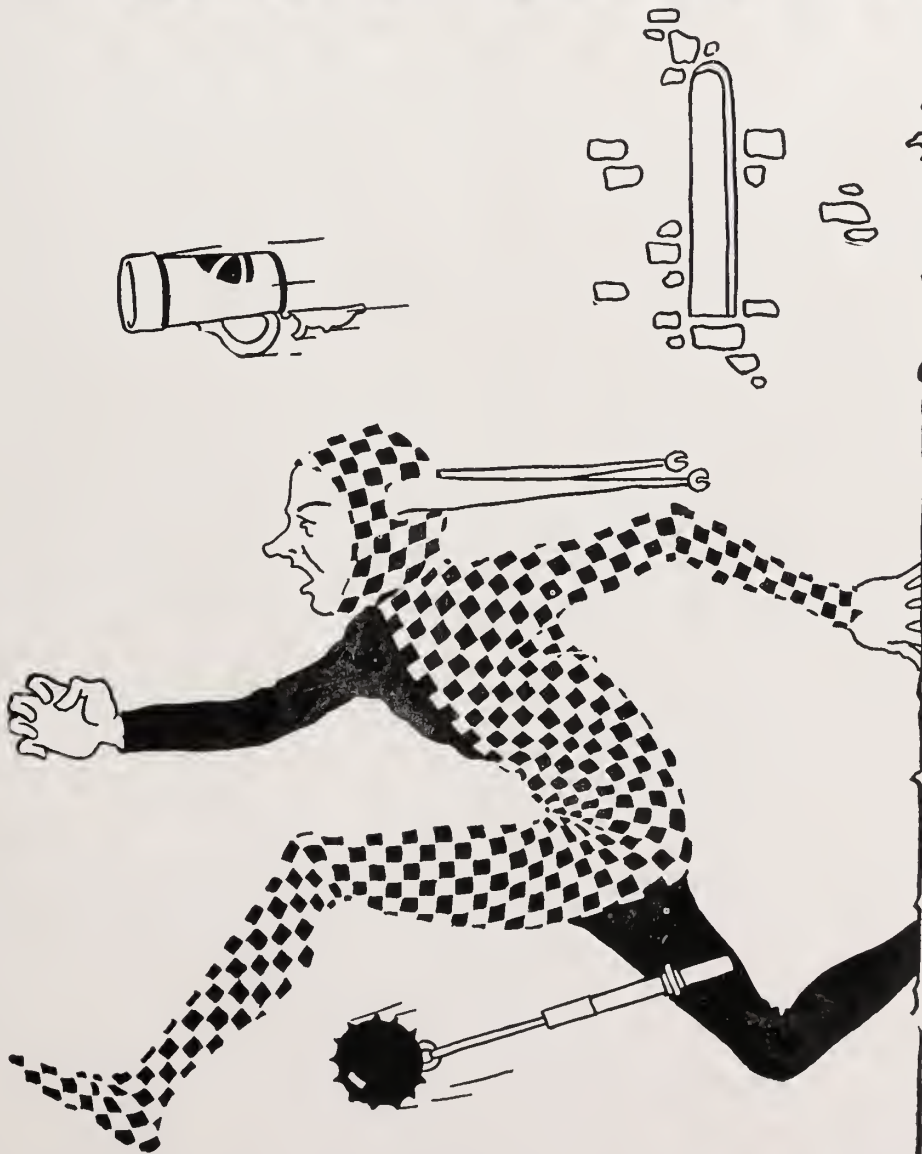
Thou hast taught us, Alma Mater,
 Courage strong to win the goal;
 Thus we pledge allegiance to thee,
 Love and service, heart and soul.

Fair and radiant our emblem,
 Sign of honor, purple hue,
 White, the spotless page before us,
 For the record fresh and new.

Alma Mater, onward, upward,
 Paths of wisdom to pursue;
 Pledge we now our best endeavor
 Loyal class of twenty-two.

—*Carl T. Karsian '22*

HUMOR



Saunders ~~~~

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1922

We, the members of the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-two, do on this day, in the two hundred eighty-eighth year, *post scholam conditam*, declare this to be our last will and testament and do declare all other wills heretofore and so forth made null and void.

To the class of 1923, we leave our privileges, duties, and powers. Let them abuse said duties, privileges, and powers at the peril of their lives.

To the class of 1924, the silly Sophomores, we leave our dignity, of which they have great need.

To the class of 1925, this year's Freshmen, we leave memories of ourselves, by which they may fashion their own lives and characters.

Among the miscellaneous bequests we leave the old building, but no one will have use for it next year.

Augustus G. McGovern leaves three pairs of assorted spats to be placed in the Latin School Library, among the other curiosities there.

Jack Condon leaves about 250 misdemeanor marks for charitable purposes. Said marks are to be known as the Condon Foundation, and are to be distributed by the members of the faculty where there seems to be a pressing need. Mr. Faxon is to be the trustee.

To the linguist of the faculty, the class leaves 8,473,647 yen with which he may buy a subscription to the Chop Chop Mien, China's leading periodical.

Herbert E. Whiting leaves to next year's editor, one broken seat in the Sanctum, the third said editor has occupied this year.

M. Cohen and T. B. Massell leave the piano. Thank goodness!

Hart and Nordberg leave their faithful steeds of which they have made so much use during the year.

The important members of the *Register* Staff leave the school. Nuff sed!

We appoint the members of the class of 1923, executors of our estate.

Witness our hand this day,

CLASS OF 1922.

T. B. MASSELL,

Attorney.

Between the Bells

MONEY VERSUS MANNERS

Little Reggie: "Mummie, why does Uncle John eat with his knife?"

Mother: "Hush, dear! Uncle John is rich enough to eat with the coal shovel, if he prefers it!"

* * * * *

Mother: "Johnny, why did you go in swimming?"

Johnny: "Satan tempted me, mamma."

Mother: "Why didn't you say, 'get behind me, Satan'?"

Johnny: "I did, and he pushed me in."

* * * * *

They are going to prohibit the drowning of stray dogs in Lake Michigan."

"Why?"

"They are afraid so many submerged barks will obstruct navigation."

* * * * *

Father: "Listen, Harold! The camel can go eight days without water. Isn't that wonderful?"

Harold: "Not very—you ought to hear Charlie Brown tell one!"

* * * * *

She (in a friendly tone): "Are you going to take supper anywhere?"

He (eagerly): "Why, no, not that I know of."

She: "My! Won't you be hungry tomorrow morning?"

* * * * *

Teacher: "Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms?"

Bright pupil: "Yes, mum, there's hash."

* * * * *

Ted: "If you make love to that girl you'd better look out for her big brother."

Ned: "If there's any trouble it's more likely to be caused by her little brother."

* * * * *

ALWAYS BUSY

"What sort of a chap is Fred to camp with?"

"He's one of these fellows who always takes down a mandolin about the time it's up to some one to get busy with the frying pan."

* * * * *

Mary had a little lamb,

'Twas little as a chip:

It came to her upon a plate,

And cost eighty cents—sans tip.

* * * * *

DONE

Hubby: "It's the fifth autumn hat that you are buying."

Wife: "Console yourself. It's the last. I shall buy no more until winter."

* * * * *

UNEQUAL LOSSES

Frederick was sitting on the curb, crying, when Billy came along and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, I feel so bad 'cause Major's dead—my nice, old collie!" sobbed Frederick.

"Shucks!" said Billy. "My grandmother's been dead a week, and you don't catch me crying."

Frederick gave his eyes and nose a swipe with his hand, and, looking up at Billy, sobbed, despairingly: "Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup."

* * * * *

A LESSON LEARNED

"Poor man," said the sympathetic prison visitor, "I hope you realize the error of your ways."

"I certainly do, mum," replied the prisoner, with a disgusted air. "Any guy wid a wooden leg like me, who thinks he kin be a successful second-story man is a plumb fool!"

* * * * *

FORCED HILARITY

"I see you laughing uproariously at the small boy pictures in the comic supplement."

"Yes, I feel it my duty to make every possible demonstration to prevent my youthful son from taking them as serious suggestions for his own conduct."

* * * * *

VICARIOUS GOODNESS

A girl asked her friend what kind of man she would like to marry.

"A doctor," she replied, "for then I should always be well for nothing."

"Oh!" the other girl exclaimed, "I would much rather marry a clergyman, for then I should always be good for nothing."

* * * * *

HE VOLUNTEERS

"Will this lip rouge stand kissing?"

"I really don't know, miss," said the urbane drug clerk. "However, we are always willing to test our goods."

* * * * *

Alice: "All good looking girls are conceited."

Beatrice: "Oh, I don't know. I'm not."

* * * * *

THE REASON

"Awful accident last night—car turned a corner."

"No reason for an accident, was it?"

"Yes, there wasn't any corner."

* * * * *

TO BE PREPARED

Mr. Perks: "I want to take up boxing. My wife—"

Instructor: "But you can't fight your wife."

Mr. Perks: "I know it. I'm not even going to try. What I want is to be able to stand punishment."

* * * * *

A DEEP ONE

When asked to help himself to some cherries by the huckster, who had sold John's mother some vegetables, Johnnie shook his head.

"What's the matter? Don't you like them?" asked the huckster.

"Yes," replied Johnnie.

"Then go ahead and take some."

Johnny hesitated, whereupon the farmer put a generous handful in the boy's cap.

After the farmer had driven away, the mother asked, "Why didn't you take the cherries?"

" 'Cause his hand was bigger 'n mine."

* * * * *

Mark Twain was in a restaurant one day and found himself next to two young men who were putting on a great many airs and ordering the waiters about in a most impressive fashion.

One of them gave an order and told the waiter to inform the cook whom it was for.

"Yes," said the other, "better tell him my name, too, so as to make certain of its being all right."

Mark, who hated swagger, called the waiter and said in a loud voice, "Bring me a dozen oysters, and whisper my name to each of them."

* * * * *

Hans: "I don't feel preddy well, August. I haf a horse in my throat."

Gretchen: "Dat is not right. You mean you haf a colt in your head."

* * * * *

SEND IT IN

If you have a good suggestion, send it in;

Or a joke without a question, send it in;

A story that is true,

An incident that's new,

We want to hear from *You!* send it in;

If you have a tale of woe, send it in;

Or a bit of news that's so, hand it in;

Do not try to look too wise,

Or stand aside and criticise,

But tell us what you advise,

Send it in.

* * * * *

NO, SIR!

"My man," said the philanthropist: "I am going to give you a chance to work."

"Mister," replied Panhandle Pete, "me old father lost half his fortune playin' roulette an' the other half on hoss races, an' almost the last advice he gimme was never to take no chances."

* * * * *

A MEAN STEAL

"My! My!" exclaimed Mrs. Gadabout. "So the story is true and your husband has really eloped with the servant girl."

"Yes," replied the weeping wife, "and she was the best girl I ever had too—a perfectly lovely cook and so quiet and respectful. Dear knows where I'll ever be able to get another."

* * * * *

Porter: "Its nine o'clock, sir."

Irate Gentleman: "Why didn't you tell me before?"

* * * * *

Teacher: "James, if ten tons of coal are sold at ten dollars a ton, what would the dealer receive?"

James: "One hundred and ten dollars."

Teacher: "Why, that's wrong."

James: "I know it, but they all do it."

* * * * *

Mrs. Brown (to floor-walker): "Where's the ribbon counter?"

F. W.: "Aisle C."

Mrs. B. (after a ten-minute wait): "Where is the ribbon counter?"

F. W.: "Aisle C."

Mrs. B. (after another ten minutes): "I guess I'll see for myself."

* * * * *

SUPPOSE

At Customs Wharf, Lady of Messrs. Cook's Official: "I have nothing to declare. What shall I say?"

Official: "Say, madam, that you have nothing to declare."

Lady: "Yes, but suppose they find something."

* * * * *

Jim: "What time is it, Bill? I'm going out tonight and my watch isn't going."

Bill: "Wasn't your watch invited?"

Jim: "Oh yes, but it hasn't the time."

Professor: "What is the height of your ambition?"

Student: "Well, I don't know exactly, but she comes just up to my shoulder."

* * * * *

"Muz, did you hear the step-ladder when it tumbled over?"

"No, darling. I hope papa didn't fall."

"Not yet—he's still hanging on to the picture moulding."

* * * * *

INTEREST ASSURED

"Do you find the meetings of the new women's organization interesting?"

"Very," replied Miss Cayenne. "Excitement never fails. One election of officers is hardly over before another begins."

* * * * *

COULD SEE THEM

"He took a lovely motor trip through Europe, but he seems to have brought back a clear idea about nothing save the pyramids."

"It was sandy there, and he couldn't speed."

* * * * *

"Goodness!" cried the gas engine to the crank as they became engaged, "what a turn you gave me!"

* * * * *

Freshman just arrived: "What are those bells ringing for?"

Native: "Why, they're the period bells."

Freshman: "Oh! What do they do for the commas?"

"Father," said little Mickey, "wasn't it Patrick Henry that said, 'Let us have peace'?"

"Never!" said old Mickey. "Nobody be th' name of Patrick ever said anything loike thet."

* * * * *

"Why, Mr. Clarke," said the boarding-house mistress, as she entered the parlor and found the young man alone, "whatever is the trouble?"

"Nothing," was the reply, "I was sitting here with the creatures of my brain for company," and the budding author looked at the visitors accompanying the woman with something like resentment for the interruption.

"You poor thing!" said the woman, earnestly. "I said to myself as I opened the door, 'If he don't look lonesome, then I never saw a man that did!'"

* * * * *

G: "Oh! speaking of electricity makes me think—"

Mr. R: "Really, isn't it wonderful what electricity can do?"

* * * * *

Baker: "I was out in Blakeley's motor last week. He has everything in it, even a pedometer."

Barker: "You mean speedometer, old man. A pedometer is an instrument for measuring how far you walk."

Baker: "All right; I'll stick to pedometer."

* * * * *

"I am glad to see you home, Johnny," said the father to his small son who had been away at school, but who was now home on his vacation. "How are you getting along at school?"

"Fine," said Johnny. "I have learned to say 'Thank you' and 'if you please' in French."

"Good!" said the father. "That's more than you ever learned to say in English."

* * * * *

SEW IT SEEMS

"When does a man become a seamstress?"

"When he hems and haws?"

"No."

"When he threads his way?"

"No."

"When he rips and tears?"

"No."

"Give it up."

"Never, if he can help it."

* * * * *

SUCCESSFUL FATHER

Nancy: "Reginald was the goal of my ambition, but—"

Norah: "But what?"

Nancy: "Father kicked the goal."

* * * * *

Man: "Much dust on me, porter?"

Porter: "'Bout twenty cents' wuth, sah."

DURING SPRING VACATION

Mrs. Brown: "Now, Tommy, you must go in and wash yourself."

Tommy: "Ma, if you keep up this washing business you'll spoil my whole vacation."

* * * * *

KEEPING COMPANY

"What can that young fellow find to talk about for three hours every night?"

"Oh, he has plenty to talk about. He has to tell Mabel he loves her, and go over it four or five thousand times."

* * * * *

A RELIEF

"I'm glad George has got a girl at last."

"Why so?"

"Now he has something to brag about besides himself."

* * * * *

A WELL READ MAN

"What is this weighty volume on the hall seat?" asked the visitor.

"That's pa's minute book," said little Thomas Twobble.

"His minute book?"

"Yessum. When ma tells him she'll be down in a minute pa reads two or three chapters in it."

* * * * *

BEING GENEROUS

Fond Mama: "Yes, my dear, those little boys next door have no father or mother, and no kind Aunt Jane. Just think of it! Wouldn't you like to give them something?"

Archie (very eagerly): "Yes, mama. Let's give them Aunt Jane."

* * * * *

SEEMS NATURAL

Unbeliever (after the spiritualist seance): "Surely you don't believe that the spirit of your dead husband upset all the furniture?"

Widow: "Well, I don't know. George was dreadfully clumsy."

* * * * *

A young man went to the office of an editor to ask about the fate of a manuscript. He received it back and also some advice from the editor.

"You've got half way through the book before saying anything," explained the editor. "You want to hit 'em in the first paragraph and then go on with your plot."

In a few days the editor received the manuscript again. It had been changed according to instructions. This was the first paragraph:

" 'Curse you,' said the Duchess, who until now had not engaged in the conversation."

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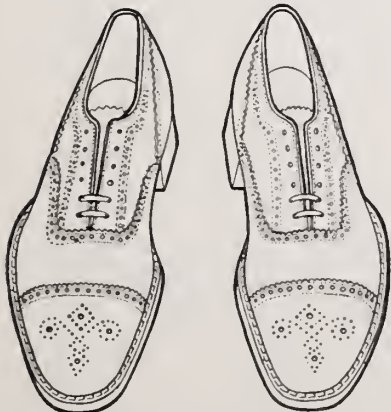
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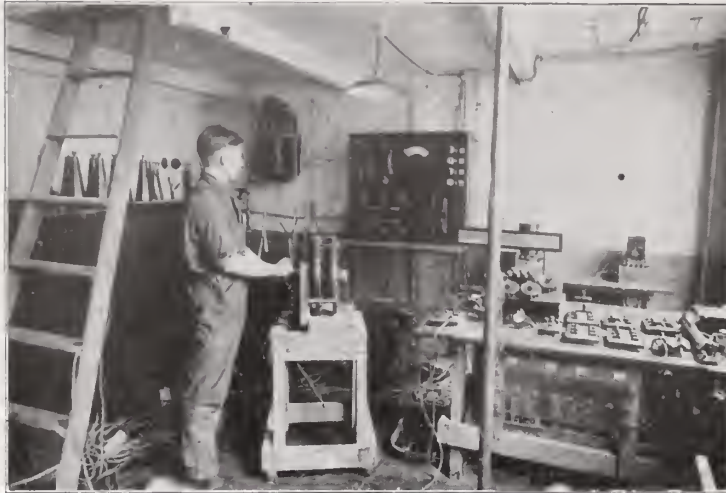
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